THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN
IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
At Ebensburg, Pa., by H. A. McPike.

Guaranteed Circulation - 1,068
AND STILL A BOOMING. MATCH IT?

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☞ Look for your paper before you stop it, if you want it. None but sunflowers do both. Don't be a sunflower—life's too short.

Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

$1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

VOLUME XIV. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 20, 1880. NUMBER 30.

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HERE A PIP EEE RRR !!!
HHE AA P P E R R !!
HHHEE AAA PPP EE RRR !!
HHE A A P E R R !!
HHEEE A A P EEER R R !!
cheapest!
GEO. HUNTLEY
HAS NOW ON HAND THE
LARGEST, BEST AND MOST VARIED
STOCK OF
Hardware!
Stoves, Tinware,
HOUSEFURNISHING
PARLOR AND HEATING STOVES
of the latest styles and patterns;
Builders' Hardware
of every description and of best quality;
CARPENTERS' TOOLS!
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Horse Hay Forks, Rope and Pulleys, Corn Cultivators, and a full line of Harvesting Tools. Also, large assortment of
Table, Floor and Stair Oil Cloths,
Carriage Oil Cloth,
and the CLOTH WINDOW SHADING
in all the new styles. ASPHALTUM PAINT for Roofing and Table Covers, ROOFING SLATE, the cheapest and most durable Roof in use. HAIR, LAND PLASTER, CEMENT, PLASTERING HAIR, WINDOW GLASS, PUTTY, FANCY BASKETS, WOODEN WARE, and a full stock of CROCKERY and GLASSWARE, which we are constantly receiving and offering at the lowest prices ever offered in Ebensburg. A full line of PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, DYE STUFFS, TURPENTINE, VARNISHES, &c., together with a large and complete
GROCERIES, TOBACCO AND SEGARS,
of the choicest and freshest brands. In fact, anything I haven't got or can't get, you don't want. Call and see me, and what I offer you may always be relied on as represented, while they will invariably be
SOLD AT BOTTOM PRICES!
☞ Having had nearly twenty years' experience in goods in my line, I am enabled to select my stock with judgment, and in the best markets in the world. I use a liberal share of your patronage, and recommend that the best is always to be had at my store. I desire to keep as large a stock as possible because the price is low, as it is of reliable and that such goods are always in demand.
GEO. HUNTLEY.
Ebensburg, April 11, 1879.

ESTABLISHED FOR THIRTY-FOUR YEARS
HAY BROTHERS
Manufacturers,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
—DF—
TIN, COPPER,
—AND—
Sheet Iron Wares
AND DEALERS IN
HEATING, PARLOR and COOKING
STOVES,
SHEET METALS,
—AND—
HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY.
Jobbing in
TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
Nos. 278, 280 and 282 Washington St.
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

McNEVIN & YEAGER,
—MANUFACTURERS OF—
Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron WARE,
—AND DEALERS IN—
COOKING & HEATING STOVES,
RANGES, FURNACES, &c.,
1108 Eleventh Avenue, - Altoona, Pa.
One Door West of Opera House.
ROOFING AND SPOUTING
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
REPAIRS FOR STOVES CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
Altoona, Oct. 10, 1879.-tf.

Ebensburg Fire Insurance Agency!
T. W. DICK,
General Insurance Agent,
EBENSBURG, PA.
Policies written at short notice in the
OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA"
and other First Class Companies.
Ebensburg, Sept. 22, 1880.-tf.*

R. L. Johnston, M. J. Buck,
F. A. Shoemaker, A. W. Buck.
JOHNSTON, SHOEMAKER & BUCK,
BANKERS,
EBENSBURG, Pa.
MONEY RECEIVED ON DEPOSIT,
PAYABLE ON DEMAND.
INTEREST ALLOWED ON TIME DEPOSITS.
COLLECTIONS MADE
AT ALL ACCESSIBLE POINTS.
DRAFTS on the PRINCIPAL CITIES
Bought and Sold, and a
GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS
TRANSACTED.
Accounts Solicited.
A. W. BUCK, Cashier
Ebensburg, March 19, 1880.-tf.

J. W. SHARBAUGH & BRO.,
—DEALERS IN—
Dry Goods,
Fancy Goods,
CLOTHING,
NOTIONS,
GROCERIES, &c.,
CARROLLTOWN, PA.
NEW GOODS RECEIV'D WEEKLY
AND ALWAYS SOLD AT THE
VERY LOWEST PRICES.
☞ CASH PAID FOR COUNTRY PRODUCE when Goods are not desired.
J. W. SHARBAUGH & BRO.
Carrolltown, March 19, 1880.-tf.

B. J. LYNCH,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
HOME AND CITY MADE
FURNITURE!
PARLOR AND CHAMBER SUITS,
LOUNGES, BEDSTEADS,
TABLES, CHAIRS,
Mattresses, &c.
1605 ELEVENTH AVENUE,
Between 16th and 17th Sts.,
Altoona, Penn'a.
☞ Citizens of Cambria county and all others wishing to purchase honest FURNITURE, &c., at honest prices are respectfully invited to give me a call before buying elsewhere, as I am confident that I can meet every want and please every taste. Prices the very lowest. B. J. LYNCH.
Altoona, April 16, 1880.-tf.

INCORPORATED IN 1857.
STRICTLY ON MUTUAL PLAN.
PROTECTION MUTUAL
FIRE INSURANCE COMP'NY
OF EBENSBURG, PA.
Premium Notes now in force - $123,000.
Only Five Assessments in 22 Years.
NO STEAM MILLS TAKEN.
Good FARM PROPERTES
ESPECIALLY DESIRED.
GEO. M. READE, President.
T. W. DICK, Secretary.
Ebensburg, Jan. 31, 1880.-1y.

FREIDHOFF'S BLOCK,
HIGH STREET.

CARL RIVINIUS,
Practical Watchmaker and Jeweler,
EBENSBURG, PA.,
HAS always on hand a large, varied and elegant assortment of WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, SPECTACLES, EYE-GLASSES, &c., which he offers for sale at lower prices than any other dealer in the county. Persons needing anything in his line will do well to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.
☞ Prompt attention paid to repairing Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, &c., and satisfaction guaranteed in both work and price.

H. H. HENCH,
DEALER IN STRICTLY PURE
WHITE LEAD, LINSEED OIL,
MIXED PAINTS Ready for Use,
VARNISH, SP. TURPENTINE, CALCIMINE,
PUTTY, WHITE GLUE,
Varnish and Paint Brushes,
AND A FULL LINE OF
FINE COLORS GROUND IN OIL,
Cheaper than anywhere else in the city.
HENCH, THE PAINTER,
13th Avenue and 16th Street,
(5-7.) ALTOONA, PA. [6m.]

F. A. SHOEMAKER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office on High street, east end of residence. 11-21-'78-tf

GEO. M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law*, Ebensburg, Pa. Office on Centre street, three doors from High street. 12-27-'79-y

ADVERTISERS! send for our Select List of Local Newspapers. Geo. P. Rowell & Co., 10 Spruce Street, New York.

HOW TO GET almost Everything.

Do you know how to get in the easiest way and to best advantage what you want for dress and house-furnishing?

First, how: Write for a catalogue; see what you can learn from it about the things you want. If samples can be useful to you, ask for them and state your wants so plainly that exactly the right samples can be sent.

Second, where: The place where goods are kept in the greatest variety; where they are sold for what they really are in respect to quality; where prices are lowest; where most care is taken to serve customers acceptably; and where you have the right to return whatever is not satisfactory.

There—no matter where you are—if you make your wants known and avail yourself of your privileges, you will get the best things in the best way, promptly and without trouble or risk; sometimes by mail, sometimes by express, almost always at less cost for carriage than the money you save in the price.

John Wanamaker,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Chestnut, Thirteenth, Market and Juniper.

WANAMAKER & BROWN.

HOW TO GET Clothing under Price.

If we could sell a little more of this and a little less of that, we could make things come out even—the last man that came in would carry off the last suit; but we can't. Out of every stock there are a great many sizes left when some are gone. The best we can do with these incomplete assortments is to mark them low enough to set a great many people looking among them for bargains.

This we do every day at this time of year; and just now we have enough of such to stock a little store.

Besides, odd parts of suits get left—coats, vests and trousers. We have a room in which there is nothing else. There is in that room cheaper clothing than you have any notion of. We call it the Bargain-Room.

These marked-down suits and garments are of all sorts; they may be among the best in the store.

We force a continual clearance of such articles as would only embarrass us; and keep our stocks always fresh and full.

Wanamaker & Brown,
Oak Hall, Sixth and Market,
Philadelphia.

FRUIT CANS!
FRUIT CANS!
I am now prepared to furnish all who want to buy with good
FIRST CLASS FRUIT CANS,
—MADE OF THE—
VERY BEST QUALITY CHARCOAL TIN.
☞ Don't be humbugged with cheap penitentia pyrodetrans when by paying a little more you can get good honest tinware worth double the money. Persons visiting the cheap cans, the same as are sold at other places for 60 cents per dozen, can get them from me for 75 cents per dozen.
GEO. HUNTLEY.
Ebensburg, July 18, 1880.-3m.

NOTICE.—The first and final account of H. J. Rade, Assignee of Samuel Will, in trust for the benefit of creditors, has been filed in the Prothonotary's office of Cambria county and will be presented for the action of the Court on Monday, the 6th day of September, 1880.
C. E. O'DONNELL, Prothonotary.
Prothonotary's Office, Ebensburg, July 28, 1880.-3t.

HANCOCK CAMPAIGN SONG.

AIR—*Sherman's March to the Sea.*

Oh, tell the welcome, joyful news
O'er all our glorious land,
Hancock is the chosen chief
To lead our valiant band,
And we'll sound the bugle call,
And rally round our flag
As we are marching to victory.

CHORUS.

Hurrah! Hurrah! We'll ring our song of glee,
Hurrah! Hurrah! We'll march to victory;
And we'll sound the chorus from the mountain to the sea
As we are marching to victory.

At our country's call to war,
Our chief unsheathed his sword,
And he led the boys in blue
With brave and cheering word,
And we'll sing the praises now,
Of his brave, noble deeds, &c.
As we are marching to victory.—*Cho.*

And on many a bloody field,
Our hero's stalwart form
Let his army brave and true,
Through fierce battle storms.
And with Hancock at the front,
Not one heart knew a fear
As they were marching to victory.—*Cho.*

And when Pennsylvania's heart
Stood still in deadly fear;
When at Gettysburg the flood
Of ruin was so near,
'Twas our own son's stalwart breast
That stemmed the torrent wild
As he was marching to victory.—*Cho.*

When the night of War was past,
And Peace's bright dawn had come,
When our Soldier Chief was sent
To rule the Southern home;
Then he proved in Peace as great
As he had been in War,
When he was marching to victory.—*Cho.*

Then our hero, just and true,
Proclaimed that Law was king;
That in Peace the soldier's sword
Should not oppression bring,
And all honor to our chief,
For these grand words of truth,
As we are marching to victory.—*Cho.*

And the people's gift we'll give,
With ballots at the tree,
And our leader brave and true
Our President shall be,
And we'll sound the chorus
From the mountain to the sea,
As we are marching to victory.—*Cho.*

THE MISSING MAN.

THE STORY OF A FACT.

She was a curious sort of a woman; I could never quite make her out. Evidently she had "a past" but she would not tell me much about it, until a mere accident opened it all up. I will not stop to relate how I knew her, but come to the point at once.

Her husband must have been a man of good family, but an utter scamp, gambler, spendthrift and drunkard; all his own people turned their backs on him. Dropping lower and lower, he reached a very low ebb indeed, at last, and she had a bad time of it with him. They had been living somewhere in Yorkshire, he racing, betting—Heaven knows what. The Doncaster meeting was coming round, and he found the region getting too hot for him, so he made a bolt of it and came to London, bringing her with him (they had no children); came, as I understood, with a couple of portmanteaus and under an assumed name—of course she never told me his real one. He took a small, old-fashioned furnished cottage for three months; a dilapidated place somewhere near Kilburn, quite on the outskirts, and where the new neighborhood, which has now sprung up, was only then first beginning to be thought of.

They had been in this precious abode but three days, when what happened, happened. They were without a servant—in the house alone, in fact, the wife becoming the drudge meanwhile. A high wall surrounded the garden in which the cottage stood, it having been a neat little box in its day, quite in the country. An old and now almost disused road ran along one side of this which had a door to it amongst some thick trees. Well, it was early in September, the weather was close and sultry, and on the third evening as it was getting dark she strolled out and sat down on a bench under these trees near the door, leaving him sulkily smoking in the house.

"Sad and miserable, indeed, I was as I sat there," went on my friend, "thinking, thinking, thinking, in the silent gloaming. Everything was still as death in that dreary neighborhood, so that when the sound of a footstep coming slowly along the road by the side of the wall caught my ear, I almost started: but when I heard the footstep suddenly totter, then stop close to the door, and some one stagger against it, I rose from sheer nervousness. When to this sound succeeded a long-drawn gasp and moan, and then a heavy thud, as of the person falling to the ground, with an instinctive pity I flew to the door, and, drawing back the lock, gently opened it. There, on the step, lay, as well as I could see by the twilight, a young, well-dressed man. He made an effort to rise when he saw me, partly regained his feet, caught at the door-post, staggered and fell headlong into our garden. All this was but the work of a moment, and now, thoroughly alarmed and hardly knowing what I did, I closed the door and rushed into the house. My husband met me on the threshold.

"'What now? What's all that scrimmage about?' he said.

"Timidly I told him.

"'You fool, are we not hard up enough already, but you must be playing the Good Samaritan, and let the man in! Do you want to turn the place into an hospital?—He's drunk, no doubt.'

"With this he reached the spot where the unfortunate man lay face downwards upon the edge of the soft, unmown lawn. Gently turning him over, my husband went on.

"'Why, he's dying, if not dead; we must fetch a doctor. A pretty mess you have got us into, but we must go through it honestly, or else who knows what we may be charged with—murder, perhaps! Be off and get a doctor; there's a red lamp at the second turning to the left down this road.'

"I flew to do his bidding, terrified by his words, which I saw had some reason in them, and had nearly reached the house, when he called out:

"'Here, go out this way, by this door here, into the road; it's nearer.'

"I returned, and was about to open the garden door, close to which he was still bending over the body, when I saw he was examining the contents of a large portemonnaie, which he had taken from the pocket of the prostrate, unconscious man. It seemed to be full of notes and gold. I hesitated, but fearing to remonstrate, was drawing back the bolt, when he whispered:

"'Stop—wait a minute. Did any one see you let him in?'

"'No one; there is not a creature about, and the road is not overlooked,' I answered.

"'No, nor this corner of the garden where we are—no, it's too much shut in by trees and its getting too dark.'

"Whilst speaking, he was looking around to assure himself that he was unobserved, and, seeming satisfied, began to further examine the contents of the young man's pockets and to transfer the portemonnaie, a letter or two, a handsome gold watch and chain and a scarf-pin, to his own.

"'What are you doing?' I timidly asked.

"'Mind your own business,' he said; 'do as I tell you and hold your tongue. I'll go for the doctor myself; but first of all we must get him into the house. Here, catch hold of his feet.'

"Then, without listening to my protests, my husband raised in his arms the slim, helpless form of the young man, and, with my assistance, carried him along the path, under the shadow of the high wall and trees, into the house and laid him on a sofa in the little breakfast-parlor.

"'Light a candle and pull down the blind, get some water and brandy, he is not quite dead,' said my husband, whilst examining the dead man's pocket-handkerchief. 'No initials. Nothing to identify him by. Good! Now I will go for the doctor; you stay with him. Put a little more brandy to his lips from time to time, loosen his necktie—so, and now, mind, when I return with the doctor, if there have been any signs of consciousness, or if the poor fellow speaks at all, keep it to yourself; don't say a word, you can tell me when the doctor is gone. The man is not dead, but he will die, I think, and if he does die without speaking—well, we shall lose nothing for our hospitality; it's worth risking. Mind, now, what I tell you,' he added, with a fierce look at me; 'if you don't I'll be the death of you.'

"Then he went out through the front door and-gate, ostentatiously in a hurry, and I heard him running down the silent road. I turned to my patient and found him still breathing, but quite unconscious.

"Terrified and bewildered I hardly know how long it was before I heard hurrying footsteps again on the road; and presently, having let himself in by the latch-key, my husband appeared with a stranger, the doctor, a seedy, needy-looking man.

"Rapidly examining the patient, he said, with his finger on the pulse:

"'About twenty minutes since he was seized, eh? H'm, your younger brother, you say?'

"'Yes,' answered my husband, promptly, with a significant look at me as I started at his reply.

"The doctor had his ear on the man's chest, whilst my husband continued with assumed emotion:

"'My youngest, my favorite brother, dear sir, pray tell me—Ah! I fear by your face, but say, is there no hope?'

"The doctor shook his head.

"'Oh, will he die?'

"The doctor bowed his head, and my husband buried his face in his hands for a moment.

"I was aghast, perplexed beyond measure, and was about to speak, when another fierce look checked me.

"When the doctor had moistened the patient's lips once more with brandy, he said, with professional gravity:

"'It is my painful duty to tell you that you must prepare for the worst.'

"'Ah, I feared so!' said my husband. 'My poor brother was supposed to have disease of the heart; it was the opinion expressed by a physician two years ago.'

"'This is not the heart,'' said the doctor, feeling the pulse again. 'This is cerebral hemorrhage—apoplexy, in fact. He is all but gone, nothing can be done.'

"Then there was a slight convulsion, and the doctor continued:

"'I fear I can be of no further use professionally; but can I help you to do what is necessary now, or do you know any——'

"'No, we know no one in this neighborhood, we are strangers here,' interrupted my husband. 'We are from Cornwall, and are come to live in London, and have only been in the house three days. My dear brother came to stay with us yesterday. He has been out all day. The moment he came in he fainted, and then—and then I ran for you. Will there be any need for an inquest?'

"'Indeed,' said the doctor, 'I'm afraid there will.'

"'Oh, how very distressing!' went on my husband. 'Can we not be spared this pain?'

"The other paused, and then said, slowly, with a peculiar expression on his face:

"'Well, surely, surely, with what you tell me, and with what I have seen of the case, I might perhaps certify, and so spare you the distress of an inquiry.'

"'Thank you, thank you a thousand times,' said my husband earnestly, as I saw him press a couple of the sovereigns he had lately taken from the dead man's pocket into the doctor's hand.

"'Very well, then,' answered that functionary; 'I will manage it, and do all that is necessary. I will send some one immediately. Good night.'

"When he was gone I summoned up courage to ask the meaning of what I had heard.

"'What are your intentions? Pray tell me,' I said.

"'You always were an idiot,' he answered, 'but I will try and make you understand for once in a way. Any woman who was not a fool, and had been a loving wife and alive to her husband's welfare, could have seen with half an eye what my game is. It's a very simple one, and mind you do not spoil it, or it will be the worse for you; and that you may have no excuse for doing so I'll tell you plainly what it is. There was something like six hundred pounds sterling in notes and gold in that poor fellow's pocket-book. There is nothing to show who he was to anybody but me, who luckily can keep a secret, so I shall not tell you his name; besides it does not signify. Not a soul but our two selves knows now he came into my premises; he can never be traced there. I pass him off as my brother and bury him accordingly. No one hereabouts knows who we are, so who is to say he is not my brother? Had not good luck brought him up to our hospitable gate at the critical moment, and had you not been the far-seeing woman you are, and not let him in, why he would have fallen down dead in the public highway and his property have been at the mercy of the first person who found him. They might have been honest or not. He would have been taken to the hospital, and, of course, his friends would have been duly informed of the sad loss they had sustained. Now, as it is, they will be spared this sorrow, because they will never know what has become of him. He will be only one more victim added to the list of mysterious disappearances.'

"'Well, but,' I broke in, 'his friends will make inquiries after him. He may be traced to our gate, and we will be called upon to explain.'

"'We may be,' continued my husband, 'but it's sufficiently unlikely. It will be a cursed piece of ill-luck if he is. Who is to trace him into this God-abandoned region? Under all the circumstances and by your own showing it is most improbable—nay, it is impossible.'

"'Yes,' I again interposed; 'but he will be advertised for and described.'

"'Very likely,' he went on, 'but the doctor and the undertaker are the only two people besides ourselves who will have seen him, and they will have nothing to identify him by even if they ever know or hear about the disappearance. They will never recognize in my dear brother, John Smith, who died of apoplexy here in my house, right under the very eye of the doctor, the forlorn man by the name of —— (but I will keep that to myself), "who was last seen," etc. etc., as the advertisement will run. No; this will not know the name. It will convey nothing to their minds; how should it? For remember the moment you so judiciously let him in and closed our garden gate upon him, the lost man had ceased to be. From that moment he became my brother John; the real man was gone as clean out of existence, had as clean parted with his identity, as if he had never been! By Heavens! it's a stroke of genius on my part. I never guessed I was half so clever a fellow,' added my husband, triumphantly.

"'But,' cried I, once more, 'this is a very dreadful, a very dangerous game, as you call it, to play. It is absolutely theft, and worse than——'

"'If you cannot use better language,' he said, 'hold your tongue; don't insult me. I tell you the money might as well have fallen into my hands as into those of the first policeman or post-boy who might have found him. I want it badly enough, and if you don't betray our secret there is very little risk of my right to it being disputed.'

"'But,' I said, 'the watch, the rings, as well as the money—they may lead to your discovery?'

"'Not at all,' he answered, 'if they are carefully converted, and I will manage that. The notes are the only difficulty; but I can get over that, too. If I go straight to the Bank of England to-morrow morning, directly it is opened, and change them into gold, I shall be there long before their loss is known, or, consequently, their numbers stopped. The young fellow perhaps will not be missed for a week; he comes a long way from here; I have seen enough to tell me that. We do not know what his habits were; we do not even know that any one was aware he had the money about him. No; the more I think of it the safer the whole game looks. You have only to keep your own and my counsel for a few months, and our fortunes are retrieved and we have nothing to fear. Ah, that's the undertaker, no doubt. You get out of the way; leave it all to me.'

"There was a ring at the bell here, which he went to answer.

"Ah, that was a dreadful night, and during the few days following I was nearly beside myself with terror. Of course the house was closed, as became the occasion. The funeral—a very quiet one—took place in due course at Kensal Green Cemetery, my husband following as chief mourner in the coach, accompanied by the doctor.

"No remarks, no suspicion attended so commonplace a circumstance, and when the ground had closed over the unfortunate unknown man, and when a week later a modest tombstone recorded the decease of the imaginary 'John Smith, aged twenty-three,' all trace of the dreadful fraud, save that which is printed indelibly in my mind, was gone."

Her husband utterly deserted her in less than six months afterwards, and she was left—well, what does that matter. To this day she knows nothing of who or what the unlucky young fellow was, where he came from, or whether he was ever inquired after; but though when she told me her story seven years had passed since the evening she let him in at the garden door, and he fell all but dead at her feet, she very naturally felt—and no doubt still does feel—extremely uncomfortable when any chance reference is made to a missing man.—*All the Year Round.*

THE HICKORY POLE.

HOW IT BECAME THE SYMBOL OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

In a speech at Lebanon, Pa., Benjamin Whitman, esq., gave the following account of the manner in which the hickory pole became the symbol of the Democratic cause:

"In the summer of 1813, while the second war with Great Britain was in progress, the Creek Indians, seeing a portion of Alabama invaded by English whes, broke out into insurrection against the United States and committed numerous outrages upon the people of that section. Their avowed object was extermination and independence. An expedition composed mainly of Tennessee volunteers was sent against them, under the command of Andrew Jackson. His men were enlisted for brief periods, and he was incessantly hampered by the threats of mutiny and by the delay of his supplies. By almost incredible bravery, by rare skill, and by an alacrity movement that has few parallels, Jackson pursued the savage enemy into the centre of their country, attacked their armed bands wherever he could find them, captured their strongholds, killed off many hundreds of their warriors and before the close of a year obliged them to sue in the abjectness of utter despair for immediate peace. The energy and endurance displayed by Jackson contrasted so strange with his slender frame that the soldiers could only account for them by suggesting that he must be made of hickory, and the title of 'Old Hickory' given to him in that campaign, adhered to the fire-old chieftain until the end of his life.

"From this soubriquet, proudly accepted by his admirers as the fittest expression of his firmness of character, came the idea of planting hickory poles by the Democratic party in their political contests. The hickory was first raised as a symbol of the Democracy in Tennessee, during the campaign of 1824, when Jackson made his run against Adams, Clay and Crawford for the Presidency. By the ensuing contest, which ended in his election, the sentiment had become national, and hickory poles, with village or cross-roads had its hickory pole, in almost every case floating a flag inscribed with the names of the candidate and some appropriate motto. From that day to this the hickory has been the popular Democratic tree, as the game-cock has been the chosen representative of the party among the birds of the land. Nothing could better represent the firmness, the strength, the remoteness, the indestructibility, the capacity to give and take hard knocks of the Democratic party than the solid-fibred hickory. Let it continue, then, as the fit and proper symbol of our cause. Let hickory poles be elevated by every roadside and at every place where people congregate, to remind the generation of to-day of the brilliant memories of the past, and to speak to the world of the endurance of the principles which gave our country its foothold among the nations."

The average life of a house fly is twenty days—Too long.

"PUT HANCOCK IN COMMAND."

A. T. WORDEN.

Our broken lines, with battle torn,
And faces grimmed with powder,
Closed up their gap and onward borne
Toward cannon booming louder,
With sad dismay saw borne away,
Their general, all gory.
Then asked in dread, with leaders dead,
Who next will lead to glory?
"Put Hancock in command, put Hancock in command;
With one more round we'll hold the ground,
With Hancock in command."

"But who is Hancock?" comrades cry,
And draw their waistcoats tighter,
Then wave their ragged flags on high
And ask if he's a fighter.
With stately tread among the dead
On war-horse stepping proudly,
His blue eye shines along the lines:
The veterans clamor loudly:
"Put Hancock in command, put Hancock in command;
We'll stand at bay, we'll win the day,
With Hancock in command."

With such a leader in their front,
The boys ne'er dream of yielding,
His breast receives the battle brunt,
His arm his bright sword wielding.
The leaden hail his lines assail,
He sinks beneath a volley,
But fronts foils the victory tells,
Resistance would be folly.
With Hancock in command, with Hancock in command;
A man of might in peace or fight,
Put Hancock in command.

MR. WEED'S SNAKE STORY.

NOT ONE OF THE MODERN TRUTHFUL KIND, BUT A SHOCKING INVENTION.

Thurlow Weed told a Sun reporter the other day that a bogus snake story, about a black snake milking a cow regularly, which he published in the Rochester *Telegraph* more half a century ago, has reappeared and gone the rounds of the press every ten or fifteen years since. He said "there was a curious dog story in the paper about that time—1825 or '26. It was this:

"There was a farmer living in the township of Henrietta, Monroe county, who had moved there from Vermont, taking with him a favorite dog. For four or five years the farmer and his wife, after his work was done in the fall, made an annual visit to Vermont in his light wagon (this was before the days of railroads), and took the dog with them. The sixth year the farmer died. The dog waited till it was time for the farmer to make his visit, and then starting off alone, made his appearance in Vermont, where he remained and refused to return.

"The story was extensively copied in the newspapers, and my friend and I, talking it over in the office, resolved to invent a snake story, and try how far a story people would swallow. The outcome of our deliberations was this:

"'A farmer in the town of Parma, Monroe county, had several cows in his wood lot and he discovered that one of them was falling in her milk. He was surprised, for she had every outward indication of giving plenty of milk; but when she was brought home in the evening to be milked she had no milk of any consequence. It finally excited so much attention that they had a boy set to watch the cows. Half an hour or so before the usual time for the cows to be driven in for milking, this particular cow left the others and went off in the bushes. The boy followed her. She seemed to be in search of something. At last, to the boy's astonishment, a snake crawled up to the cow and caught hold of her teat. She stood patiently until the snake had satisfied itself and glided away, when she rejoined the other cows. The boy ran home and told the story. They changed her pasture after that and she gave as much milk as anybody's cow.'

"There was another curious story started, but it only lasted a few years. I didn't originate that myself; it was done by a wag who used to come into my office about that time. He brought in a paragraph stating that some fisherman at the mouth of the creek emptying into Lake Ontario had found a black bottle on the beach. It was sealed up, but on opening it there was found a written account of a naval engagement on Lake Ontario in 1770 between French and British vessels. It purported to have been thrown overboard when one of the vessels was sinking. The story was generally copied by the press, and I had so many letters about it that it finally became embarrassing. I remember that among them were letters from the historical society of Philadelphia and the historical society of Quebec. At length a letter came from the historical society of Paris asking for fuller information; and I had the mortification of having to state that it was a hoax, which wasn't very pleasant."

Mr. Weed talked pleasantly about the published compositions of old stocks, and of fugitive poetry in the newspapers, until another reminiscence occurred to him.

"I remember feeling very bad," he said, "over one illusion of my own that was destroyed somewhat rudely. I had published with great satisfaction an article which I had copied, giving a description of our Saviour, alleged to have been written by a Roman governor to a Roman emperor. It was just such a description as you would imagine of the Saviour's physique and appearance, even to his voice, and was altogether a most charming picture. I published it a number of times during fifty years, generally about Christmas as the most appropriate occasion. Five or six years ago, not having seen it for several years, I wrote a little account of it in the Tribune, and shrewdly there came evidence that it was a fraud. I didn't believe it at first, so strong had been my belief in its genuineness, but finally I was overwhelmed by the proofs, and had to give it up. It was written by a monk in the seventh or eighth century."

More conversation ensued about Mr. Weed's newspaper experience since 1807, when he first published a paper, until he brought up another reminiscence.

"I was traveling in the stage," he said, "through a place known as the Indian Cave, about eighteen miles from Utica. In those days there were always idle Indians lying around the taverns. While we got out for a few minutes, I had a conversation with a squaw, which I printed afterwards, and which was widely copied.

"The squaw had her papoose strapped upon her back, as is usual with them. I said to her, tooking at the child, 'Is that your papoose?' She said, 'Yes.' 'Why,' I replied, 'that is a white child.' 'No,' she retorted, gravely, 'it half Indian, half missionary.'"

WOMANS PERSPICACITY EXCEEDS STORIES.

"'Do you want some more items about snakes?'" asked an agricultural-looking gentleman of the Brooklyn *Eagle*'s city editor the other day.

"If they are fresh and true," responded the city editor.

"Exactly," replied the farmer. "These items are both. Nobody knows 'em but me. I got a farm down on the island a piece, and there's a lot o' snakes on it. Near the house is a pond six feet deep. A week ago my little girl jumped into the pond and would have drowned if it hadn't been for a snake. The snake seen her and went for her and brought her ashore. The particular point about this item is the way he did it.

"It was a black snake, about thirty feet long, and he just coiled the middle of himself around her neck so she couldn't swallow any water, and swum ashore with his head and tail. Is that a good item?"

"First class."

"You can spread it out, you know. After they got ashore the girl patted the snake on the head, and it went off pleased as Punch. Ever since then he comes to the house regular at meal time, and she feeds him on pie. He likes pie. Think you can make anything out of that item?"

"Certainly. Know any more?"

"Yes. I got a baby six months old. He's a boy. We generally sit him on the grass of a morning, and he hollers like a bull all day; at least he used to, but he don't any more. One morning we noticed he wasn't hollering, and wondered what was up. When we looked, there was a rattlesnake coiled up in front of him scanning his features. The boy was grinning and the snake was grinning. Bimeby the snake turned his tail to the baby, and backed his rattle into the baby's fist."

"What did the baby do?"

"Why he just rattled that tail so you could hear it three-quarters of a mile. Every morning we found the snake there, until one day a bigger snake came, and the baby played with his rattle just the same till the other snake came back. He looked thin, and I reckon he had been sick and sent the other to take his place. Will that do for an item?"

"Immensely," replied the city editor.

"You can tell in about the confidence of childhood and all that, and you might say something about the blue-eyed cherub. His name is Isaac. Put that in to please the old woman."

"I'll do it. Any more snake items?"

"Lemme see. You've often heard of hoop snakes?"

"Yes, frequently."

"Just so. Not long ago we heard a fearful row in our cellar one night. It sounded like a rock-blast, and then there was a hiss and things were quiet. When I looked in the morning the cider barrel had busted. But we didn't lose much cider."

"How did you save it?"

"It seems that the staves had busted out, but before they could get away four hoop snakes coiled around the barrel and tightened it up and held it together until we drew the cider off in bottles. That's the way we found 'em, and we've kept 'em around the house ever since. We're training 'em for shawl-straps now. Does that strike you favorably for an item?"

"Enormously," responded the city editor. "You can fix it up so as to show how quick they was to get there before the staves were blown off. You can work in the details."

"Of course. I'll attend to all that. Do you think of any more?"

"Ain't you got enough? Lemme think. Oh, yes. One Saturday me and my wife was going to church and she dropped her garter somewhere. She told me about it, and I noticed a little striped snake running alongside and listening to her. Bimeby he made a spring and just wound himself around her stocking, or tried to, but he didn't fetch it."

"Why not?"

"He wasn't quite long enough. He jumped down and shook his head and started off. We hadn't got more'n a quarter of a mile when we see him coming out of the woods just ahead of us. He was awful hot and tired, and he had another snake with him twice as big as he was. They looked at my wife a minute and said something to each other, and then the big snake went right to the place where the garter belonged. He wrapped right around it, put his tail in his mouth and went to sleep. We got him yet. We use him to hold the stovepipe together when we put the stove up. Is that any news to us as item?"

"Certainly," said the city editor.

"You can say something about the first snake's eye for distances, and his individuality, when he found he wouldn't go round. You know how to do that better than me."

"I'll give all the credit he deserves. Can you tell us any more?"

"I don't call any to mind just at present. My wife knows a lot of snake items, but I forget 'em. By the way, though, I have a regular living curiosity down on my place. One day my eldest boy was sitting on the back stoop doing his sums, and he couldn't get 'em right. He left something against his face and there was a little snake coiled up on his shoulder and looking at the slate. In four minutes he had done all them sums. We've tamed him so he keeps all our accounts, and he is the lightningest cuss at figures you ever seen. He'll run up a column eight feet long in three seconds. I wouldn't take a reaper for him."

"What kind of a snake is he?" inquired the city editor, curiously.

"The neighbors call him an adder."

"Oh, yes! yes!" said the city editor, a little disconcerted. "I've heard of the species. When did all these things happen?"

"Along in the fore part of the spring, but I didn't say anything about 'em, 'cause it wasn't the season for snake items. This is about the time for that sort of thing, isn't it?"

"Yes," chipped in the exchange editor, "You couldn't have picked out a better time for snake stories."

HE WASN'T MEAN.—Mr. Elijah Hitchcock was a Connecticut constable, whose character was under scrutiny. Deacon Solomon Rising was enquired of about him.

"Deacon Solomon Rising," said the questioner, "do you think Mr. Hitchcock is a dishonest man?"

Very promptly: "Oh, no, sir; not by any means."

"Well, do you think he is a mean man?"

"Well, with regards to that," said the deacon a little more deliberately, "I may say that I don't really think he is a mean man; I've sometimes thought he was what you might call a fearful man—a prudent man, so to speak."

"What do you mean by a prudent man?"

"Well, I mean this: That one time he had an execution for $4

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,
FRIDAY, - - - - AUG. 20, 1880.

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT:
GEN. WINFIELD S. HANCOCK,
OF PENNSYLVANIA.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT:
HON. WILLIAM H. ENGLISH,
OF INDIANA.

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

FOR SUPREME JUDGE:
HON. GEO. A. JENKS,
Of Jefferson County.

FOR AUDITOR GENERAL:
COL. ROBERT P. DECHERT,
Of Philadelphia.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY TICKET.

FOR CONGRESS:
A. H. COFFROTH, of Somerset.

FOR STATE SENATOR:
HERMAN BAUMER, of Conemaugh Boro',
[Subject to decision of Democratic Conference.]

FOR ASSEMBLY:
JOHN FENLON, of Ebensburg,
L. D. WOODRUFF, of Johnstown.

FOR PROTHONOTARY:
CHARLES A. LANGBEIN, of Chest Township.

FOR REGISTER AND RECORDER:
MICHAEL SWEENEY, of Cambria Borough.

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY:
WILLIAM H. SECHLER, of Ebensburg.

FOR POOR HOUSE DIRECTORS:
FRANCIS J. BAKER, (3 years,) of Susquehanna.
GEORGE W. EASLY, (1 year,) of Johnstown.

FOR CORONER:
S. M. DOUGLASS, of Chest Springs.

FOR COUNTY SURVEYOR:
HENRY SCANLAN, of Carrolltown.

If the Republican papers persevere in their attacks on Hancock's military record they will undertake to show before the end of the campaign, that Longstreet fought on the Union side at Gettysburg, and that Hancock, at the head of the "Louisiana Tigers," led the Confederate charge on Cemetery Hill.

We are indebted to Hon. William A. Wallace for a copy of the Political Manual for 1880, compiled by Stilson Hutchins, of the Washington *Post*. It contains a vast amount of official statistics, and political information, and as it is well arranged for ready reference will be particularly useful to Democratic campaign speakers.

For the week ending August 14 the average daily circulation of the Philadelphia *Record* was 68,571 copies. This is a wonderful triumph in journalism and shows what a high degree of success a cheap newspaper in the fullest acceptation of the term, when conducted with the enterprise and marked ability of the *Record* can attain.

The notorious infidel lecturer, Bob Ingersoll, has taken the stump for Garfield, and on Friday last made a speech in Massachusetts, abusing the Democrats as bitterly as he denounces the Christian religion. In attempting to overthrow the Scriptures and to elect Garfield, Bob has the biggest contract on his hands that he has ever yet undertaken.

A harmless Republican sheet expresses the opinion that "Gen. Hancock is not as well known to the people as a Presidential candidate should be." If this was even partially true, Hancock has a big advantage over Garfield, who, unfortunately for himself and his party, is entirely too well known to the people ever to induce them to elect him to the Presidency. Hancock, to be so obscure a man and so unknown to the people, seems to be making friends with alarming rapidity, and bids fair before November to have pretty near the whole country at his back.

After all the other Republican papers in the western part of the State had become thoroughly ashamed of the cruel hoax that had been played upon them, the Indiana *Messenger* of last week, awaking from its Rip Van Winkle sleep, came boldly to the front with the exploded statement about a National Labor Convention having been held at Sharon, Mercer county, at which sixteen States were represented by 225 delegates, who declared for Garfield for President by a majority of 25 over both Hancock and Weaver. There was no such gathering and consequently no such vote.

Two weeks ago the Johnstown *Tribune* said that John Cessna, Chairman of the Republican State Committee, "promises a majority of sixty thousand in this State," and now this same braggart Cessna, who was in Washington last week, stated to the Republican managers there that the majority in Pennsylvania next November "cannot possibly be less than 20,000." If Cessna can now roost *forty* thousand lower than he did two weeks ago, it will only require *one* week more, at the same rate of decrease, to knock his twenty thousand as high as a kite, and open his eyes to the stubborn fact that Pennsylvania is certain to go for Hancock.

If we would attempt to publish every week the names of prominent and influential Republicans all over the North who openly avow their intention to vote for Hancock, we would have very little room in our paper for anything else. During last week three such accessions to the Hancock army in this State came under our notice, to wit: Dr. Mich'l Heck, of Lycoming county, who was the Republican candidate for State Senator in his district four years ago and the Greenback candidate for Lieut. Governor two years ago; William Massey, a member of the Union League, Philadelphia, and principal owner of the Philadelphia and Atlantic City railroad, and Hon. J. B. White, of Mercer, formerly a leading Republican in the western part of the State, and last year an active Greenback stump speaker.

Of all localities in Alabama, Lowndes county is the very last one that the Altoona *Tribune* ought to have selected to show that either "force" or "fraud" was resorted to by the Democrats at the recent election in that State. But it has rashly placed its reliance on the vote of that county, and now let us see what the *Tribune* has made out of its choice. It says, and correctly too, that "in 1876 there were 4,152 votes cast for the Hayes electors, and 1,309 for the Tilden electors," and then adds, "yet at the recent election, with a Democratic vote which could not possibly have exceeded 1,300, and which, therefore, on an honest count gave the Republicans a majority of 2,000, there was returned a majority for the Democratic ticket of 1,360." By way of removing the scales from the *Tribune's* eyes in regard to Southern elections, we stated last week what the *Tribune* very well knows, but won't admit, that since the overthrow of the carpet-bag governments in the South a large percentage of the negroes have attached themselves to the Democratic party and vote for its candidates, and we will now prove the truth of that declaration so far as Lowndes county is concerned. There are *two* Democratic newspapers in Alabama edited and owned by colored men, one of them being the Huntsville *Herald*, whose editor is W. H. Councill, who is also principal of the Colored Normal School at the same place. He was a slave and during the days of carpet-bag rule he was a violent Republican. He is thirty years old, and being possessed of very decided ability soon saw through the manifold villainies of carpet-bag patriots. During the late campaign in Alabama he was constantly on the stump for the Democratic ticket and while so engaged visited Lowndes county. In his paper of August 6th, only four days after the election, he says:

"We went to Lowndes county week before last to assist in the canvass. On the night of our arrival we spoke to a small audience in the Court House. We never met kinder people than in Lowndes. The white people of the county are laboring earnestly by acts of kindness to convince the colored people that the tales circulated by their vicious leaders are untrue.

"On Wednesday of last week a barbecue was given, to which all were invited, irrespective of party or race. It was the nicest affair we ever saw. The first people of the county were out, and the olive branch of peace and harmony prevailed. We and we are proud to say that the better class of colored people in Lowndes were willing to forget the past and 'clasp hands over the bloody chasm.'

"Up until last month colored men never voted their sentiments, because of the bulldozing carried on by the Radicals."

After further reference to the bulldozing practices of the Radicals in that county, he concludes his article by saying:

"But, thank God, the sun of liberty has arisen in Lowndes and *more than a thousand colored men voted the Democratic ticket there last Monday*, and will hereafter be protected from the assaults of the bull-dozer."

Now if "more than a thousand colored men voted the Democratic ticket" in Lowndes county, as this colored editor says they did, and he ought to know how it was, the figures of the *Tribune* claiming a Republican majority in Lowndes of 2,000 are pretty effectually wiped out. Is the *Tribune* satisfied about Lowndes county, or does it prefer to wait until these same thousand colored men, as well as thousands more like them in Alabama and in every other Southern State, have voted for Hancock in November? They will do it, and then perhaps the *Tribune* will stop its stereotyped cry about fraud and intimidation in Southern elections.

While we are not disposed to indulge in any brag about Hancock's election, it is due to our readers, as a matter of political news, to state that in the judgment of the most reliable Democrats in Illinois and Wisconsin, there is the strongest reasons for believing that the votes of those two States will be cast for Hancock. The change to Hancock in both, and especially among the Germans, is represented as being not only astonishing, but sufficient to warrant the belief we have indicated. If hard and thorough work can win success it will be achieved. A like determination to carry Ohio animates the Democrats of that State, and such men as Thurman, Pendleton, Hurd, Banning, Ewing, and scores of other leading Democrats, speak very confidently of carrying the October election. The important fact that the Republican ex-Lieut. Governor Mueller, of Cleveland, a week ago last night came out for Hancock in a most eloquent speech before the German Republican Liberal Club, is a sufficient answer to the boast of an Ohio lunatic who was in Johnstown last week tickling the ears of the Republican groundlings of that place with the transparent story that Garfield's majority in Ohio would be 50,000.

The Republican State Committee of Arkansas met at Little Rock on yesterday week and resolved not to put a State ticket in the field. This is the same game that was played by the Republican State Committee in Alabama, and having thus contributed to a sweeping Democratic majority, their loyal friends in the North at once set up the old and stale cry of fraud and force, intimidations, bulldozing, shotgun policy, and all manner of forcible and bloody methods, to account for their defeat and explain why the South is solid for Democratic supremacy. The Arkansas election will take place on Monday, the 6th of September, and a Republican defeat will be the certain outcome. Yet every Republican paper at the North will reiterate the charge of fraud and intimidation, attributing the result to every cause but the true one.

The Independent Republicans of James A. Garfield's Congressional district in Ohio, at a meeting held at Warren on Sept. 7, 1876, when he was a candidate for re-election, adopted the following among other resolutions:

"*Resolved*, That there is no other man, today, officially connected with the administration of the National Government, against whom are justly preferred more and graver charges of corruption than are publicly made, and abundantly sustained, against James A. Garfield, the present representative of this Congressional District, and the nominee of the Republican Convention for re-election."

This is the same man whom the great party of purity and political morality has nominated for President, and who, since he first entered Congress, says another resolution adopted at the same meeting, "has been the ready champion of rings and monopolies."

OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

THE STATE COMMITTEE—TERRIBLE CALAMITY—A COLOSSAL OUTRAGE—PONDEROUS DAVIS—AN APPALLING FACT—WAS GRANT IN THE WHISKY RING?—APPROACHING STATE FAIR—TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS' WORTH OF DIAMONDS—STATE BI-CENTENNIAL—BE UP AND DOING, ETC.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 16, 1880.

To the Editor of the Cambria Freeman:

On Monday of this week the Democratic State Committee commenced business at 925 Chestnut street, where, in the absence of Chairman Dill, will be found in command the gentlemanly Captain McClelland, assisted by Secretary Herbert. The Democratic machine is being well managed. It is in competent, skillful hands, and a good result may be expected from its work in November. Thoughtful, systematic, active and well digested work is going on at 925 Chestnut street.

A TERRIBLE CALAMITY.

The recent terrible calamity on the West Jersey Railroad will be remembered very much as one on the North Penn Railroad many years ago. Both trains were bearing excursionists and both accidents, so called, were attended with serious loss of life. It was a railway wreck caused by gross negligence, and as a natural result there is a popular outburst of indignation. It was a sad day's pleasure trip to the sea shore.

A COLOSSAL OUTRAGE.

Upwards of 130,000,000 of acres of the public domain have been granted by Congress to various Pacific Rail Road corporations, and charters of the most liberal character have also been given them. These roads were intended by Congress to be great national highways, uniting the Atlantic and Pacific States in closer union, and, while thus strengthening the Government in its territorial integrity, subserving above all else the advantage of the people by means of speedy and cheap communication. The main argument used in the support of the claims of the projectors of these great railroads was that they would immensely contribute to the general welfare. It was upon this plea of an anticipated advantage to the people that the vast advantages, franchises and grants were bestowed upon them. To-day there is a prospect that at no far distant day all the transcontinental railroad lines within the territory of the United States will be wholly in operation under a single management. At the annual meeting of the Texas and Pacific Railway Company in this city last week, a conference was held by Col. Scott, Jay Gould and other railroad magnates, at which 6,000 miles of railroads were consolidated. This joint ownership of 6,000 miles of railroad is a substantial monopoly of the carrying business between the eastern and western sections of the Union; so that, directly contrary to the understanding of Congress, the whole transcontinental system of the country is to be gobbled up by one man, or one combination of men, making them and their successors masters of the situation for all time to come. Jay Gould already owns and controls the Union Pacific and the Kansas Pacific, besides other important roads, which are to be elements in the proposed consolidation. This combination is one of the most colossal outrages of the century. Jay Gould's prominent participation in the annual meeting of the Texas Pacific Railway Company in this city last week is significant, and the fact that he has a controlling voice in its affairs is well calculated to excite alarm. It is not probable that these corporations would have been so graciously treated by Congress if results of the sort now being realized had been thought as likely to occur. These big railroad corporations are grand things, and all our city journals gave what I have censured an immense amount of taffy. The papers, however, dispensed their taffy with charming disinterestedness, as they were merely rewarded by being given as an advertisement the publication of the proceedings.

PONDEROUS DAVIS IS RIGHT.

David Davis says: "The Government must be got out of the ruts in which it has too long been run." He further says: "New blood must be infused into the management of public affairs before relief can be expected. The people demand a change, and, being in earnest, they are likely to be gratified." Yes, ponderous Davis is right. The people desire a change, and they will have a change. His conclusions will have due weight with thinking men who know his abilities and consider his antecedents. Mr. Davis' position on the fence had one decided advantage. It was highly favorable to deliberation. He could look dispassionately on both sides. He saw that Republican chronic abuses could only be reformed by a change of rulers.

AN APPALLING FACT.

There is a condition of things so pregnant with coming disaster to the Republicans that even blind men can see it, which is this: The vote in 1876 showed that a majority of over one million of white men supported the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. The most appalling fact, therefore, that confronts the Republican administration in the United States is the predominence of white men in the Democratic party.

WAS GRANT IN THE WHISKY RING?

John McDonald, of "Whisky Ring" notoriety, in his book on the whisky frauds says that President Grant was "a silent member of the 'Whisky Ring'—that he used his influence to prevent disclosures and to defeat the prosecution of members of that ring—that in all his acts he impeded Bristow's efforts to convict Babcock, Avery, McKee, and McDonald himself." He says that Bristow knows his statement to be true, and calls upon that gentleman to tell the whole truth. McDonald appeals to Bristow for the facts in the case, and that in so doing "he will confer an absolute blessing on the American people." Mr. Bristow, however, don't seem to be willing to confer such a blessing, though there is not a shadow of doubt but what Gen. Grant, while President of the United States, shared in the benefits of the whisky frauds.

THE APPROACHING STATE FAIR.

One characteristic feature of the coming State Fair is the absence of the race course. While this fact may keep away many objectionable accessories of agricultural fairs, the exhibit of finely-bred stock will be the best ever seen in this State. The interest in the State Fair increases as the time for its opening approaches.

DIAMONDS IN A SHAVING BRUSH.

There were found in the handle of the shaving brush of the notorious sharper, Col. Ralph. Rollins, who died in the Penitentiary recently, $10,000 worth of diamonds. The gay Colonel had two wives, but which of them will be entitled to the precious stones has not yet been decided. The death of this notorious character is liable to lead to some very interesting litigation about the ownership of the diamonds.

THE STATE BI-CENTENNIAL.

The plans of the managers of the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the founding of Pennsylvania will make it one of the most attractive events ever held in this city. The work of the Association is expanding satisfactorily, and the most distinguished citizens in all parts of the State are becoming deeply interested in its success.

BE UP AND DOING.

With your National, State and County nominations all made, it is to be hoped that the Democratic sons of Cambria are fully prepared to renew their struggle against the many shaped and the many faced enemies of the Democratic party. Once more your banner has been flung to the breeze. In every State of the Union, and in every section of each State, the invincible sons of the Democratic creed are rivalling each other by their gallant and courageous bearing in efforts to pluck the wreath of a glorious victory in November next. There are thousands of honest Republicans who will not enroll themselves under the banner of the bloody shirt and follow the lead of men whose object is power and spoils. The people are awakening as from a horrid dream, and are disgusted with the heresies of the leaders they have so long unwittingly been following. The good men of all parties who feel and see the necessity of a change of the administration of the government are acting with the Democratic party, knowing that in that party is the only ark of safety.

Let the Democrats of Cambria all enlist for the campaign, and never falter or cease the rallying cry until victory is perched upon their banner. Your Democratic brethren abroad are watching your progress with intense anxiety, and are cherishing an unwavering faith in your devotion to the vital principles of the party. Therefore let not the Democrats of Cambria incur the reproaches of their brethren in other portions of Pennsylvania by suffering the cohorts of the "bloody shirt" to swell their vote in your county. The Democrats of every county and township should be up and doing active work for this canvass.

G. N. S.

Terrible Railroad Disaster.—At half past six o'clock on Wednesday evening of last week the second section of the excursion train which left Atlantic City at 6 o'clock ran into the first section, telescoping the rear car, killing two persons and injuring about twenty-five others. Passengers on the ill-fated train who arrived on the 5.20 express at 6 from Camden at midnight, give the following account of the disaster: The excursion train consisted of twenty-four cars, sixteen in the first and eight in the second section. The train was filled with the St. Ann's Catholic excursionists from Kensington, Philadelphia. The first section left Atlantic City at 6 o'clock and the second followed soon after. All went well until the first section reached May's Landing, when the engineer slowed up and started to run on the siding, to allow the passage of the 5.30 express from Camden.—All the cars had passed the switch except two, when the second section came thundering on behind. The engineer of the latter section whistled down brakes as he approached the switch, but when the brakes were applied they failed to work, owing to the wet, and the rear locomotive crashed into the last car of the first section, telescoping it and causing a fearful wreck. As the locomotive forced its way into the car the cylinder heads were forced open, and a cloud of steam poured through the car sending terror to every passenger in it. In an instant there was a scene of fearful excitement. The sound of the hissing steam and shrieks of the terrified passengers were blended and carried through the cars, striking terror to the hearts of all. The crowded cars were speedily emptied, and every effort was made to aid the wounded. The injured were taken to the Pennsylvania hospital in Philadelphia, and sixteen have since died.

The Bellefonte *Watchman* gives some very sensible advice to the Democrats who are inclined to let their enthusiasm run away with all their energies and in their hurrahing forget the more essential work of organization for victory. Under the election laws of Pennsylvania, framed to prevent irregular and illegal voting, certain prerequisites are necessary to a legal vote and he who attends to these faithfully and promptly renders much more efficient service to the party than those who get up clubs, meetings or poles. For example, plenty of voters who would "turn out" night after night will never think of looking at the assessor's book to see if their names are properly registered, and the loudest shouter at the meeting will utterly ignore his payment of State and county tax, and trust to the "committee" to save him from disfranchisement. Enthusiasm is a good thing. We have it and we are glad of it. But we want solid work and that work just now consists in looking after the registry of every democratic voter. If this is not done by Sept. 2d it cannot be done at all, and he who does it for himself can only be certain that it is done for him. Attend to the registry, Democrats!

Providing Against Misfortune.—The Pennsylvania Steel Company fines its employes for negligence, carelessness, disobedience of orders, etc. Every effort is thus made to secure promptness, obedience and the utmost care in the work done. These fines, of course, aggregate to a large sum of money and this is placed to the credit of what is known as the Fine Fund." Then, if an employe is injured, relief is given from this fund. If he loses a leg, in all probability a cork limb is provided for him out of the fund, and if a workman is killed, whether through his own carelessness or that of the company, the chances are that his family will receive a check to defray funeral expenses. A valued hand in case of extreme sickness may be aided financially and so it goes. As fast as the money comes in from fines it goes out again to relieve the unfortunate among the railroad men.

The Text Book for Speakers, for the campaign of 1880, will be ready for distributing in a few days. Speakers wishing to be supplied with the Text Book should write at once to W. H. Barnum, Chairman Nat. Dem. Committee, 138 Fifth Ave., New York.

The Text Book contains the lives of Hancock and English and their Letters of Acceptance, the Platform adopted in Cincinnati, the Records of Garfield and Arthur, including histories of the Credit Mobilier, District of Columbia and Indian Rings, the Electoral Fraud, the Pacific Mail Steal, the Moth Swindle, the Civil Service Sham and the other great scandals which have disgraced the Republican administrations. It also contains Compilations of Statistics and Political information of great value to speakers and editors.

All Hancock and English Campaign Clubs and other organizations which support the Democratic candidates are requested to send to W. H. Barnum, Chairman National Democratic Committee, 138 Fifth Ave., New York:

1st. The name and location of their organization,

2d. A statement of the number of members enrolled,

4th. Accounts of meetings held:

5th. Reports every two weeks during the campaign, of the number and increase of membership, with the condition and prospects of the canvass.

Important to Voters.—The 2d of September is the last day for registration and assessment.

The assessor of each district is required to be at the election house on Wednesday and Thursday, September 1st and 2d, from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. and from 6 P. M. to 9 P. M., to perfect the list of voters.

All persons entitled to vote should *personally* see that they are assessed as well as registered.

Persons intending to be naturalized before the 2d of October should also be assessed and registered by the 2d of September.

Pennsylvania State College admits both sexes. Endowment half a million.—Tuition *free*. Courses of study, Classical, Scientific, and Agricultural. A thorough Preparatory Department. Expenses $3 to $5 per week. For catalogue, address

JOSEPH SHORTLIDGE, A. M.,
[8-13.-12t.] Pres. State College, Pa.

Baby Saved!—We are so thankful to say that our baby was permanently cured of a dangerous and protracted irregularity of the bowels by the use of Hop Bitters by its mother, which at the same time restored her to perfect health and strength.—The Parents, Rochester, N. Y. See another column.

Women that have been given up by their dearest friends as beyond help, have been permanently cured by the use of LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND. It is a positive cure for all female complaints. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 235 Western Avenue, Linn, Mass., for pamphlets.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Michigan, will send their celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts to the afflicted upon 30 days trial. Speedy cures guaranteed. They mean what they say. Write to them without delay.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—One hill in Lincoln County Missouri, yielded fifty-four large-sized potatoes.

—At Manassas, Va., one oat seed produced stalks which yielded more than 1,000 perfect grains.

—A census enumerator of Tioga county found a girl twenty-five years old who weighs four hundred pounds.

—There are at present fifteen persons in Cook county, Ill., jail charged with murder. Two of the fifteen are women.

—Miss Lou S. Kenig, of Lancaster county, has but one arm, and has successfully cultivated an acre of tobacco this year.

—Several buildings were destroyed by fire Friday night at Williamsport, Pa., at a loss of about $76,000; insurance $35,000.

—Mr. Joel Brown, a farmer living near Mechanicsville, Lehigh county, has a mare that is 37 years old and in good condition yet.

—A. W. Rook, senior proprietor of the Pittsburg *Dispatch*, died at his residence in that city on Saturday night at the age of 55 years.

—Robert Keller and Thomas Kain, laborers on the Pittsburg Southern railroad were struck by lightning the other day and immediately killed.

—A coroner's jury at Pittsburg has decided that the wife of Henry smalley, who died on Friday last, was the victim of her husband's brutality.

—The census taker at Wakefield, N. C., found a man, 65 years of age, who is the father of twenty-nine living children, twenty-six of whom are by one wife.

—A horse and wagon, driven by an unknown man, plunged into the canal near Fort Porter, Buffalo, Friday afternoon. Neither man nor horse came to the surface.

—Dr. Glenn of California, who sent eight ship-loads of wheat of his own raising to Europe last year, proposes to do the same thing this year. His wheat patch comprises 60,000 acres.

—The 13-year-old daughter of a Washington township Mo., farmer ploughed harrowed, and seeded twenty-four acres of wheat, unassisted, from which 402 bushels of wheat were thrashed.

—During a drunken carouse the house of John Kelleher, of Oakland, Cal., was set on fire and his two children were burned to death. The other persons will probably die of their injuries.

—Miss Tillie Mateer, aged 18, was walking with a gentleman near Mount Joy, Lancaster county, on Monday, when a spark from his cigar set fire to her dress and the girl was fatally burned.

—James O'Sullivan, superintendent of the New York foundling asylum, was arrested in Baltimore on Saturday on the charge of having committed a felonious assault on Julia Felix, aged 9 years.

—On the day the Cincinnati convention nominated Hancock, Mrs. Margaret Perry, of New Orleans, gave birth to triplets, two boys and a girl, who have been named Hancock, English and America.

—Dan. Rice, who some time ago announced his determination to quit the stage and start out on a religious crusade, has tired already of his new life, and is fitting up a floating circus for the Mississippi river and its tributaries.

—The New York *Tribune*, which was the most urgent and persistent in its demand for the pardon of Jefferson Davis, and a letter to Sherman, refused to give it a place in its columns when it did appear. This is a good specimen of Republican fairness.

—Mary Moore, 19 years of age, whose parents lives at Logansport, Armstrong county, has not tasted food or drink for four weeks, and her physician says that of dying skeleton. She assigns no reason for the fast, only that she does not care to eat.

—Joseph Melody, of Independence, Mo., was murdered by Lewis Hiltz, and Hiltz was acquitted on the ground of insanity; but he was recently struck dead by sunstroke, on the same day of the week, at the same hour of the day, and on the very spot where he committed the deed.

—Arunah S. Abel, owner and publisher of the Baltimore *Sun*, is one of the oldest living newspaper publishers in the United States. He celebrated his 74th birthday on Monday of last week. The property is estimated at $6,000,000, and his income from the *Sun* in 1879 amounted to $132,000.

—Friday morning Charles Richmond, a conductor on the Northern Pacific railroad, shot and killed his wife at Minneapolis, Minn., and immediately afterwards sent a bullet through his own head. He emptied two barrels of a shot gun into her body. They had not been living together for a year past.

—A curious sight in St. Louis is that of a bearded, intelligent looking man of 40 playing with great zest at marbles, rolling a hoop, flying a kite, or walking on stilts with children of his neighborhood. In spite of his imposing head he is scarcely the equal in mental development of the children with whom he plays.

—Professor Marion Thrasher, recently principal of Carvier Seminary, Clarion county, Pa., and a son of Hon. W. H. M. Thrasher, a leading Republican of Indiana, has been the stump for Hancock and English. He made a speech at Fairview, Indiana, the other night, which made a deep impression on the meeting.

—Rather a singular circumstance, isn't it? The man whom Hancock defeated at Gettysburg (General Longstreet) is to-day holding the office of Minister of the United States to Turkey at a large salary under the Republican Administration, while the party who gave him office are denouncing General Hancock as a traitor.

—Mr. Alexander Williams, of Boston, owns a case which, it is said, he is about to present to General Hancock. The case is over 150 years old, with a carved head on which is the name of the first owner, Thomas Hancock, an eminent merchant of Boston, who in 1737 built the well-remembered Hancock House on Beacon street.

—Gen. Garfield doesn't think much of Thomas Jefferson. Senator Wallace has unearthed one of the De Golyer candidate's old speeches in the House, in which he expressed the opinion that the fame of Jefferson was "waning," and announced in the same breath that he was in favor of a stronger government in this country.

—In 1855 there were in the six New England States only 40,082 Catholics, 27 priests, 22 churches, and 50 other ecclesiastical buildings unfinished. Ten years later there were in four of these States, omitting Connecticut and Rhode Island, 69,194 Catholics, 30 priests, 37 churches and 32 chapels and stations. Now there are in all 736,100 Catholics, 516 priests, 502 churches and 114 stations.

—Clark Edwards, a drunkard, boasted in a barroom at Somerset, Ohio, that he had murdered a man eighteen years before. He described the exact spot where he had buried the body. He was a notorious liar, and nobody believed his story; but soon afterward human bones were unearthed at the spot he had indicated. He has been arrested, and there is evidence enough to probably convict him.

—In Pittsburgh Alex. Morgan, a colored man, aged 45, with a young white wife, caught her and a yellow paramour as they were about to elope. He missed him with the razor, but got the gay adharin sent to the workhouse. Carrie Anderson was the name of the young white woman before she married the negro, nine months ago. She comes of good family, is well educated and very pretty.

—Elsworth Black, a lad of sixteen, has reached Petrolia after having traveled the entire distance from Fort Worth, Texas, on a Texan pony. He left Fort Worth May 10th, and has traveled steadily but leisurely since that time, except three weeks, when he was detained by sickness, fording streams where there was toll to pay, foraging for sustenance, and at times sleeping under the broad canopy of the heavens for a blanket.

—Late on Saturday night Mrs. Mary Ford sought Jeremiah Ford, her husband, who was drunk in a saloon near their residence in New York city and took him home. He refused to enter the house and in a quarrel that followed he struck her down, leaving her insensible on the pavement. The police found her and took her to Bellevue hospital, where she died. Ford was arrested and locked up to await an examination.

—The ceremony of marrying John Hall and the Widow Miller was performed by a justice at Cincinnati. The couple went to a restaurant for a wedding dinner. After the meal was over the husband said that he had an errand to do, but would not be absent more than ten minutes. He put one arm around the bride's neck, and kissed her, and with the disengaged hand took $300 from her pocket. She has not seen him since.

—A New York editor has been offering a thousand dollars to any person who shall abstain the longest from food in a fasting match. He says there are already five entries. The fifth contestant was sent by Dr. Hammond. He claims that he can abstain from food another for thirty days, and an additional twenty days from food. The match is expected to begin about the first of September. It is said that Dr. Hammond has consented to assist in supervising the contest.

—On Thursday John McDonald appeared in Niles, a small town near Cleveland, looking for work. Next day at noon on going home Darius Parks found McDonald in his house with Mrs. Parks. McDonald was ordered out, but instead of going undertook to put Parks out, whereupon the latter seized a gun and loiged fourteen shot in McDonald's heart, causing instant death. Parks gave himself up to the authorities, and is held on a charge of murder till the mystery of the affair can be settled.

—Napoleon B. Arthur deserted his wife and family at Marysville, Ohio, twenty years ago to elope with a neighbor's daughter. His wife remained on the farm, and reared their children, while he wandered about the country. A poor, broken old tramp presented himself recently at the homestead. This was the wreck of the husband and father. He begged for food and lodging, expressing the utmost contrition for his bad behavior. The wife acted with promptness. She set the dog on him and he barely escaped with his life.

—A letter to the Des Moines *State Register* from a responsible citizen of Sigourney gives the information on the authority of an eye-witness that the notorious Bender family, four in number, were captured soon after the discovery of the murder of Colonel Yorke. The eye-witness says that the four were stood up in a row facing nine riflemen, and were told their fate; that Kate was plucky to the last and called upon their captors to "shoot and be——," and that the four bodies were buried at the corner of the four counties of Labette, Wilson, Neosho and Montgomery.

—James D. Love, a member of the Philadelphia Common Council from the Thirtieth ward, and Secretary of the Sectional Board of Public Education, has fled the city to escape his creditors. Love was an influential Republican politician, and has occupied several prominent public positions. A short time since he left the city, ostensibly on a trip for the benefit of his health, but a letter received from him dated St. Louis announces that he has no intention of returning. He states that during the last campaign he incurred heavy obligations which he had no means of meeting, and dare not return.

—The oldest Baptist minister in Western Pennsylvania recently entered his 92d year, and is residing on his farm near Garrard's Fort, Green county. He served the churches in that region for many years, but as his mind is now impaired and he has not kept a record of his work his time of service is not exactly known. He distinctly remembers many events which have long since passed into history. He was present at the Redstone Association when Alexander Campbell separated from the Baptists; also when the Monongahela Association was formed. His early companions in the ministry have all passed away, and now, an old veteran, under the weight of many years, he awaits his Master's call.

—Solomon G. Booth is a teamster of Highland, N. Y., and by dint of industry and economy has accumulated considerable property. He has always stood well in the community, he and his wife being members of the Highland Methodist church. He has nine children. One morning recently he and his children awoke to find that the wife and mother had decamped with the brother of her husband. Luther Booth, her lover, is a well-to-do farmer living near Highland. He and his brother Solomon have always been on the most friendly terms, but it was never suspected that Luther and his sister-in-law were unduly intimate. The pair have left for parts unknown, Luther Booth also deserting a large family.

—The Brooklyn *Eagle* having asserted that General Arthur's father was an Irishman, the Brooklyn *Union Argus* hastens to deny it and to affirm that he was a Scotchman. The West Virginia *Daily Call* and the *Union-Argus* is a paper devoted to Garfield and knows little about Arthur. On the other hand, there are journals devoted to Arthur and which care little for Garfield. It is, therefore, not remarkable that either class of journals should know little of that of which it cares little. Time will show which was right and the *Union-Argus* was wrong. General Brisbin's campaign life of General Arthur states that his father "was a young Protestant Irishman from Ballymena, County Antrim, and a graduate of Belfast College."

—It is announced that the Rev. W. E. Addis and Rev. Thos. Pope, English Catholic clergymen, are preparing, in London, for the publication of a Catholic encyclopedia, in one compact volume, which is intended to be an elementary manual of reference on all points of ecclesiastical interest which continually present themselves not only to Catholic priests, but to the people, generally in their secret work to help themselves. Till his nomination for President the country was almost as ignorant as myself. What it is all men know now; and if I received from it, it was because I found it different from what I honestly believed it to be. General Garfield's sponsors were not Democrats, and therefore could not, for the sake of party, by the Republican press and the Republicans of his own county, by the Republican committees of his own Congressional District, by the Republican Congress of which he was a member, and by a Republican court of justice. Had this record been known at Chicago General Garfield could not have been nominated. Information enables me to speak by the book when I assert that there was not a Republican leader of any note, equally those on the ground and those at a distance, who came to save Grant, that did not admit, on reflection, that Garfield's selection was a blunder, and that that blunder was worse than a crime.

Presidential Vote in 1876.—The following, showing the popular vote in the Presidential election of 1876, will be found interesting and worthy of preservation at this time:

	Tilden.	Hayes.
California	76,466	79,299
Colorado (Presidential electors chosen by the Legislature)		
Connecticut	61,954	70,081
Illinois	258,601	278,232
Indiana	213,577	232,164
Iowa	112,099	171,327
Kansas	37,392	78,722
Maine	49,867	67,300
Massachusetts	108,777	150,063
Michigan	141,985	166,554
Minnesota	48,799	72,962
Nebraska	16,704	31,710
Nevada	9,308	10,383
New Hampshire	38,089	40,559
New Jersey	115,962	107,414
New York	521,949	489,207
Ohio	323,182	330,698
Oregon	14,149	15,206
Pennsylvania	366,788	384,184
Rhode Island	10,712	15,787
Vermont	20,254	44,690
Wisconsin	130,287	130,868
Alabama	102,002	68,230
Arkansas	58,081	38,669
Delaware	13,381	11,980
Florida	24,434	21,840
Georgia	130,088	50,466
Louisiana	100,598	57,454
Maryland	91,780	71,981
Mississippi	112,343	52,705
Missouri	258,977	145,539
North Carolina	125,427	108,419
South Carolina	90,896	91,870
Tennessee	133,166	89,566
Texas	104,755	44,800
Virginia	139,670	95,559
West Virginia	56,965	42,001
Totals	4,286,101	4,033,571

A Republican Views it Squarely.—Judge C. P. Nicoll, long a leading Republican of Jersey City, and a Republican since the formation of the party, spending his money and energies in its behalf, announces his purpose to support Hancock in a letter in which he says:

"I am sick and tired of this continual waving of the bloody shirt, which keeps the two sections of the country divided and, I believe has seriously retarded the prosperity of the country, and I shall not shoulder a musket and go to war again, but I shall take a stand that is going to bind me regardless of party. Republicans tell me the country was never in a more prosperous than now. I can't see it. I own a large quantity of real estate, and am almost ruined by taxes. I want to see if a change will not be for the better. If the Democratic party don't do what is right by the time they get power, as I believe they certainly will, they will be swept away, as they will deserve. I am willing to risk a change for my own personal interests and prosperity. I never was such a partisan Republican as to justify the keeping up of this sectional feeling between North and South.—It has only been kept up to retain certain officeholders in power. Not only so, but I believe Gen. Hancock to be the better man of the two. They both are honest Democrats in politics. Neither had Gen. Grant when he was elected President, and at the close of his first term they were anxious to elect him again. They tell me Garfield has had experience in politics. Judging from his record, as I have read it in the Republican papers for years, and if the Republicans do not believe them, who would? Gen. Garfield has had too much experience in politics already. They object to taking a candidate out of the army as a candidate for President. Grant was in the army and was a Democrat before he took his Republican nomination. *I believe there is far less danger of Hancock being used by the South than there is of Garfield being used by corrupt politicians.*"

Tanner's Time Beaten.—The Pittsburg *Post* tells the following wonderful story about a Washington county lady who claims to have lived four years without a morsel of food:

Since Dr. Tanner's test of fasting forty days and forty nights, quite a number of very singular cases have been brought to light. One of the most striking is that of Miss Happer, daughter of Hon. John A. Happer of Monongahela city. According to the statements of her family and herself, she has not tasted solid food in four years, subsisting most of the time on a small quantity of water, lemonade or fruit juice. The lady is about twenty-four years of age, and has the appearance of one who eats a reasonable amount of food. About four years ago, while at school in the eastern part of the State, she was attacked by neuralgia, and despite the efforts of the best physicians in the country she suffered continuously. Finally it was decided her spine that she became unable to walk, and now moves about in an invalid chair mounted on wheels, which she propels with her hands.

At the time of the first attack she lost her appetite completely. Ever since then the least bit of solid food produces the most distressing nausea, not even being able to retain medicine long enough to experience its effect. She frequently goes for months without taking a drop of anything except water, and sometimes does not taste that for ten or fifteen days at a time. Occasionally she grows very thin, and then fattens up quickly without any change of diet. Her strongest desire is for acids, and when feeling like it, can swallow the juice of an entire lemon without any ill effects, but dare not take a particle of the solid portions. Her food and drink for the last four years has been small quantities of water and fruit juices, without a particle of solid

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY MORNING, - AUG. 20, 1880.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Here, There and the Other Place.

—Our enterprising and big-hearted friend Frank McGuire, of Altoona, has bought for the sum of $300 a brick school house in the Fourth Ward of that city, condemned as unsafe, and as soon as he gets it fixed up in the new and a competent teacher employed, we promise to supply him with a number of scholars free gratis for nothing.

—Among a number of extracts of similar purport from letters addressed to the New York *World* we find the following in Monday's issue of that paper: James Itell, of Portage, Pa., writes: "We have a Hancock and English Club organized with several former Republican members. This section is all ablaze with enthusiasm for Hancock."

—Tim Donahoe, of Altoona, recently bought the patent for a new-fangled chimney-top, and only the other day, he was offered, according to his story, $8,000 for a half interest in the concern. If that be true, and we have no reason to doubt it, Tim has a big thing on a chimney-top, and we really Donahoe we would rather see make a big thing out of it.

—Don't forget to remember when you want to buy shoes, that the largest assortment from which you can choose, is at Barkers' cheap store, where they have an abundance for all, and the best of good bargains for those who will call, notwithstanding the fact, and it's a fact that's quite pat, that they are selling more shoes than you could shake a stick at.

—The Clearfield *Republican* says on Saturday last, while James McCullough, of Pike township, and several others were cutting down trees on George Lord's timber job, in Knox township, a limb from a falling tree struck McCullough in the face and chest, causing death in two hours. He was in the 43d year of his age, and leaves a wife and six children to mourn his loss.

—Some of the local Republican papers are making much ado about the alleged political conversion of Mr. Philip Hopfer, of Portage township, this county, whom they represent as having heretofore been one of the staunchest among the staunch Democrats of that vicinity. Well, if the story be true, all we have to say is that there's no Hopfer Philip being on the winning side this fall.

—The Blairsville foundery, owned by Mr. Chas. S. Tittle, formerly of Johnstown, was burned to the ground on Thursday last, involving a very heavy loss, on which there is no insurance. The fire is believed to have been of incendiary origin, and Tallie Eckles, a former employe of Mr. Tittle, was arrested next day on suspicion of committing the crime, and is now in jail awaiting trial.

—An axe manufactory is soon to be established at Cold Spring, near Huntingdon, by Messrs. Francisczus & Woods. Won't somebody axe somebody to start something of that kind in this vicinity? We have just as cold springs here as they have anywhere in the country, but for all that will be glad to pour hot (certainly not cold) water on any enterprise likely to benefit our town and its people.

—We are in a position to bear testimony, so far as we are concerned, to the fact that Messrs. W. L. Foulk's Son & Co., advertising agents, Pittsburgh, are sure pay, and it was not for any dilitoriness in that respect but because of the infrequency of their favors that we ceased some months ago to do business with them, though we are free to confess that we "jumped out of the frying pan into the fire" by so doing.

—We are informed that our friend Heist, of the Mountain House, has been successful in securing the purchase of the entire right in what is known as "Lloyd's Grove," on the western outskirts of town. All which means that a summer hotel of dimensions large enough to accommodate all comers, and constructed on first-class principles, will next year, in all probability, be an additional Ebensburg attraction.

—James Mathews, tenor of the Altoona City Band, has just been presented by his "better half" with twin babies of the feminine persuasion. And yet, for all that, our friend Jeems still moves on in the even tenor of his way. That the little newcomers may live to be as old as Mathews-alem, and that their days in the land may be as "happy as a big sunflower," is about the best we can wish them at short notice.

—Mary Kimball, the unfortunate Ebensburg girl who is under arrest in Altoona for the alleged crime of infanticide, was to have been taken to jail on last Saturday afternoon, but some satisfactory arrangement seems to have been made in the matter of bail, for at latest accounts she was still enjoying her liberty. The Altoona *Times* says: "She is the very general feeling of sympathy for the unfortunate girl in that community.

—The thread of the narrative so far as it relates to the picnic for the benefit of the church at St. Augustine, which was so rudely snapped asunder by the rain storm on July 5th, is to be taken up again on Wednesday of next week, Aug. 25th, in Durbin's grove, near Chest Springs, where all who attend may expect to have a big feast and lots of innocent recreation at a comparatively small outlay on behalf of a very deserving cause.

—Mr. John Rinehart, of Tyrone, father of Mr. Frank Rinehart, contractor for the building of the foundation of the Court House in this place, attempted to get on a passenger train in motion at East Liberty one day last week, but missing his hold was struck by the step of another car, knocked down and badly injured in the side. He was removed to the St. James Hotel, Pittsburgh, where at latest accounts he was still under medical treatment.

—As will be seen by large posters printed at this office and an advertisement in another column, Mrs. Margaret Kittell, administratrix of Wm. Kittell, Esq., dec'd, will, at public sale, on Saturday, Sept. 4, 1880, a large lot of real estate in Ebensburg and elsewhere, and as some if not all the tracts advertised are among the most desirable properties in the county, the attention of capitalists is respectfully invited to the coming sale.

—Speaking last week of the Peruvian seed corn sent us by a friend in California, we referred to it as the "smallest nuize that ever grew;" inasmuch as it has thus far utterly refused to "get up on its ear." Judge of our amaze-ment when we found after the paper had been printed that the "intelligent compositor" had introduced a "w" where an "m" should have been, thereby transmogrifying the "mildest" of words into the "wildest" of nonsense.

—Mr. Isaac Crawford, a former well known hotel keeper of this place, who previous to the removal of his family to Johnstown last Spring was transferred to the almshouse with mind and body both sadly impaired, was taken from that institution on Monday evening last by his son Harry, and will doubtless have the consolation ere long of dying at home, his condition at this time being such as to preclude all hope for an extended lease of life.

—A check for one hundred dollars, accompanied by a very expressive and appropriate letter from F. A. Shoemaker, Esq., was sent to Rev. Father Boyle, late pastor of the Church of the Holy Name in this place, on Monday evening last, the same being the voluntary offerings of forty-four members of said congregation to a much beloved priest who well earned the affection and gratitude of all his people during a sojourn of over five years and a half in our midst.

—We had the pleasure of a call on Tuesday last from our young friend Wm. B. Conway, of Ebensburg, who is well worthy of the name he bears, for if he don't write much for the newspapers he does his full share in supporting them, as is evidenced to our satisfaction by the fact that he takes the FREEMAN and pays for it. Mr. C. is acting Secretary for the Westmoreland County Mutual Fire Insurance Company, and we venture to say that he fills the bill to perfection.

—One of the most powerful and eloquent sermons ever listened to in the Church of the Holy Name, this place, was delivered on Sunday forenoon by Rev. Father McNerny, of the Redemptorist order, Baltimore diocese, who had just concluded a retreat at the convent of the Sisters of St. Joseph, and whose text was the gospel of the day, in which is related the miracle performed by our Saviour while on earth in curing the ten men who came to him afflicted with leprosy.

—Miss Annie and Agnes Dunn, daughters of our worthy friend James Dunn, of Altoona, turned their backs on the foolish frivolities of this fleeting life and entered the convent of the Sisters of Charity, in that city, on Saturday last, for the purpose to serve God and teach others to walk in the path that leads to eternal felicity. Now that they are Dunn with the world as well in name as in fact, we join their many friends in wishing them all the blessings that God has in store for his chosen servants.

—A man named J. E. Gatchell, who is charged with assaulting and battering Captain Hodge, a passenger conductor on the P. R. R., while the latter was attending to his official duties a few days ago, had a hearing before Esquire Strayer, of Johnstown, and gave bail for his appearance at Court to answer. He was subsequently arrested by officer Rodgers, of Millville, and made to pay a fine for disorderly conduct at the time of the fracas. And thus it is that the accused seems to Gatchell all round.

—The Altoona *Sun* of Monday trots out Mr. Thomas P. Dunn, an old-time Republican of Barr township, this county, whom it styles the "hero of twenty-one engagements," which, we presume, does not include his wedding engagement, as one of the latest acquisitions of the grand army of Hancock veterans, and gives in detail the reasons which have prompted this very sensible "flop" on part of Mr. Dunn, who, the *Sun* says, is about to locate in Altoona and has already ordered his name to be placed on the roster of the Hancock Veteran Club of that city.

—It is sad but true that many children are filled untimely graves by the neglect of their mothers to have SIXES' SYRUP of TAR, HOARHOUND and WILD CHERRY on hand. Every thoughtful mother has a bottle in season of the year for immediate use.

—A farm in Logan township, Blair county, owned by Adam Beam, of Altoona, and occupied by Wm. Turnbaugh, who farmed the same, was destroyed on Monday night with its contents by what is believed to have been incendiary. Loss estimated at $2,000, no insurance.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Lint, of Johnstown, has sued Brother Schubert, of the *Freie Presse*, for libel, but just what the libel consists of is more than we can tell at present. The accused has furnished bail in the sum of $500 for his appearance at the next term of our county court to answer.

—Employees of the P. R. R. Co. to the number of six hundred and thirty excursted from Altoona to Atlantic City and back, leaving on Friday night and returning on Sunday morning. They were accompanied by the Altoona City Band and report having had a very pleasant and seas-on-able trip.

—We were greatly amused some days since at seeing one of our venerable citizens, who had been bowed down with rheumatism, throw away his crutches, and declare himself a young as he used to be, and now *he* is recommending Roberts' Embrocation to every old lady in town. Great liniment that.

—A note from Mr. W. H. McMullen, Chairman of the County Committee, informs us of his intention to arrange for a Democratic mass meeting at the Court House in this place on Monday evening, Sept. 6th, and that he has written to Chairman Dill, of the State Committee, for a speaker for the occasion.

—A young man came to town one day last week, stopped with his brother-in-law; stayed over night; got up some time during the wee sma' hours, while it was dark; became bewildered, and, in an attempt to go down stairs, came very near falling hard enough to throw the house down. His name was Trimble.

—We don't know how it is ourself, but we have the assurance of one who claims to know, that Philip Hopfer, of Portage, this county, whom some of the local Republican papers have been parading as a recent apostate from the Democratic faith, has never—will hardly ever—voted anything else than the Republican ticket.

—A magnificent palace and sleeping car, combining all the modern improvements, has just been turned out of the Altoona shops for the use of General Superintendent Pugh, of the P. R. R. Hope that gentleman will give some of us poor printers a ride in the new coach, if for nothing else than to show how Pugh-ely generous he is.

—S. M. Douglass, Esq., of Chest Springs, writes us to say that he has no desire nor intention to accept the nomination for coroner recently thrust upon him by the county committee. This being so, it devolves on the powers that be to fill the vacancy, as it will never do to lay out the Republican party next November and have no coroner to hold an inquest on the remains.

—Capt. John McNevin, of Altoona, Secretary of the Democratic Committee of Blair county, has, in answer to his letter of request, received a splendid photograph of that "splendid soldier," General Hancock, accompanied by a letter from the next President of the United States, and it is the intention to have Dr. Bittner, an accomplished artist of that city, paint a portrait therefrom, which is to be the common property of the Democracy of Altoona, with, we hope, a small slice for the FREEMAN, though not too small to forbid its exhibition for a few days in this place.

—The Altoona *Sun* says that a meeting of gentlemen interested in the projected railroad between that city and Cherrytree was held at the Logan House on Friday last. Among those who are taking an active part in the enterprise are Dr. Baker and Mr. Moore, of the firm of D & C. Moore, of Altoona; Hon. D. J. Morrell, of Johnstown, and Captain Buckett, Dr. Reed and Mr. Martin, of Pittsburgh. At the meeting in question no business of importance was transacted, but a very general feeling of determination to push the matter to a successful issue prevailed.

—We are sorry to learn that it is only a question of time, and probably a very brief time at that, for our good old friend James Condon, Esq., of Summitville, who for several months past has been suffering from the effects of paralysis and other causes, and what at latest accounts was in a semi-conscious condition and evidently beyond the reach of medical aid. That his death, which seems rapidly approaching, may be a happy one, and we know of no reason why it should be otherwise, is the heartfelt prayer of all who knew him only to esteem him as an honest man and a devout Christian.

—An election for Mother Superior of the Sisters of St. Joseph, this place, was held on Monday last, and resulted in the selection of Sister Mary Joseph, who has filled a like position at New Castle and subsequently in Ohio, but is now called still higher by being made Superioress of the Mother House. This is the first election since the establishment of the order in this place, Mother Hortense, who has so well and admirably filled the place for a number of years, and who now steps back into the rank of the community, having been appointed to the responsible position from which she has just retired.

—All persons interested will be glad to learn that Rev. Father Reardon, of Pittsburgh, where he has long been connected with the Cathedral, has been selected by the Rt. Rev. Bishop as pastor of the Church of the Holy Name, to take the place of Rev. Father Boyle, recently transferred from Ebensburg to Gallitzin. If the members of the congregation had been consulted in the matter, we are sure they could not have chosen a more worthy successor to their late pastor and much beloved pastor. Father Reardon, who telegraphed his intention of being here to-day (Thursday), will be welcomed to our midst with more than ordinary pleasure.

—Messrs. Geo. K. Mullin and Edward L. Bean, of the St. Cloud Hotel, Philadelphia, have placed us under obligations for an invitation to attend a banquet to be given to "The Press of Philadelphia" at that far-famed and admirably conducted hostelry on Friday of next week. The day selected is not well adapted for a very "big feed," so far as we are religiously concerned, but if we fail to put in an appearance on that interesting occasion we trust that Messrs. Mullin & Bean will endeavor to secure the gastronomic services of Dr. Tanner, who by that time would probably have no conscientious compunctions against getting away with the good things.

—A young man named David Lohr, a resident of Chestnut Hill, Somerset county, seated himself on or in close proximity to the track of the C. I. Co.'s railroad in Johnstown, on Thursday night last, and while in that position a number of trucks loaded with cinder were backed up by an engine, the entire train passing over the unfortunate man, crushing his body diagonally across the breast from the left shoulder and nearly severing the left leg. His death was almost instantaneous, only a few gasps escaping from him after being picked up. He had been drinking, and it is thought he was asleep when the accident occurred. His remains were taken home for interment.

—Messrs. Charles Langlein and Joseph Rhody, of Chest township, killed a rattlesnake the other day which reported no less than nineteen rattles, and yet measured but little over three feet in length. The same gentlemen had the questionable pleasure not long since of starting a three-pronged buck from its hiding-place in the laurel out there, but as they had neither the law nor the necessary firearms on their side, the buck had nothing to fear, though it was a close call life all the same. These adventures, if they mean anything beyond very unusual occurrences, mean of course that Mr. Langbein is to be elected Prothonotary by an overwhelming majority.

—Mr. L. Stargardter, the clever and efficient salesman for a long time past at the Great Eastern Boot and Shoe Store of S. Blumenthal, Altoona, has, in connection with Johnstown, which he is about to branch out on his own hook as proprietor of what he proposes to style the Opera House Boot and Shoe Store, inasmuch as it is to occupy one of the rooms on the first floor of said building, which is located on Main street, near Franklin. Mr. S., as we have abundant reason for knowing, is a safe, sociable, sensible and satisfactory salesman, and now that he has essayed to "paddle his own canoe," we have no doubt he will add at least three more "s's" to the category, all of which are embraced in the word success.

—An extra fireman named Geo. P. Norris, who was filling the place of another employe off duty, met with a sudden and shocking death at Kittanning Point on Wednesday morning last. The unfortunate man was in the act of putting the plug-hose into the spout of the engine tank, for the purpose of taking water, when the pusher engine came up and gave the front section of the train such a jar that it precipitated him to the track, when several of the car wheels passed over his body, severing it almost in two and of course causing almost instant death. The deceased was a single man and his home was at Derry Westmoreland county, whither his remains were forwarded after being taken to Altoona and properly cared for and confined.

—On Monday, Sept. 6th, Sheriff Griffith will offer at public sale the following described properties: A farm of 198 acres, 120 acres being cleared, with improvements, in Allegheny township, owned by Thomas Allen and Mrs. Allen, deceased. Also, a lot in Hollidaysburg borough, owned by Dr. James J. Ostman; fifty acres of land, five of which are cleared, with a log cabin thereon, in Barr township, owned by Thomas Abbott and John Moore; thirty acres, twenty of which are cleared, in Washington township, and a house, stable and lot in Summitville borough, owned by Maria Kinney. Also, will be sold by the Sheriff in Johnstown, on Saturday, Sept. 4th, a house and lot in Prospect borough, owned by Wm. Thomas, and a house and lot in Millville borough, owned by John Grady.

—Rev. Father Colwell, of Cameron's Bottom, Indiana county, and Rev. Father Sweeny, a temporary sojourner at St. Francis' Monastery, Loretto, were thrown from their buggy by the upsetting of the vehicle while making the turn in the road at the residence of A. Strittmatter, Esq., a short distance this side of Carrolltown, Tuesday evening last, and for a time it was feared that the gentleman first named had been injured internally as an ugly gash in the forehead and a badly contused cheek showed that he had been externally. He was also unconscious when aid reached him, but soon revived and was taken back to Carrolltown, from whence he was able to return home next day. Father Sheehan fell on top of Father Colwell, and thereby fortunately escaped with nothing worse than a complete shaking up. The Rev. gentlemen were on their way to Loretto when the accident happened.

—The examination of teachers for the schools of Ebensburg borough was accomplished in the Union School House last Monday, forenoon and afternoon, by County Superintendent Berg. About a dozen applicants were present. In the evening a meeting of the local School Board was held, when the following-named persons were selected to teach the young idea how to shoot for a term of seven months, beginning the first Monday in September: Principal, F. A. Lyte, salary $75 per month; Room No. 2, Geo. Williams, salary $35; Room No. 3, Miss Lizzie Jones, salary $35; Room No. 4, Miss Allie Lloyd, salary $35; Room No. 5, Miss Bessie Lloyd, salary $25. Owing to either a lack of funds or a want of confidence in the common school system, only five schools will be run this year, instead of six as formerly. Last year, two schools occupied quarters in the old Academy building, but, owing to the transfer of that property to Cambria county for purposes connected with the erection of the new Court House, the school known as No. 5 must necessarily seek other quarters. These will likely be found in the building formerly occupied as a school house south of the Diamond two squares and westward one square and a half.

TRUTH AND HONOR.—QUERY:—What is the best family medicine in the world to regulate the bowels, purify the blood, remove costiveness and biliousness, aid digestion and tone up the whole system? Truth and honor compel us to answer, Hop Bitters, being pure, perfect and harmless.—Ed. See another column.

—Five tramps were brought here from E. Conemaugh this (Thursday) forenoon and committed to jail. Train jumping.

DEMOCRATIC CLUB MEETING.—A meeting of the Hancock and English Club of Ebensburg and Cambria township was held in the new club room, over Lloyd's store, on last Friday evening, when, upon motion of H. A. McPike, M. D. Kittell was selected to perform the duties of the absent Secretary. The business was purely a business one, the special object being the appointment of a committee on enrollment and taxation, and another on naturalization. A motion was adopted authorizing the President of the Club to appoint said committees, to consist of two members each. The President thereupon appointed J. A. Kennedy and J. G. Hasson on the first named committee, and C. F. O'Donnell and M. D. Kittell on the naturalization committee.

General McDonald made a few touching and eloquent remarks in reference to the recent death of one of the members of the Club, Geo. W. Oatman, Esq., and concluded by offering the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted by a rising vote:

Resolved, That this Club, at its first meeting since the death of George W. Oatman, Esq., one of our most useful and energetic members, takes occasion to express its sorrow at this sad event.

Resolved, That in the death of this gentleman we feel the loss of a zealous and able defender of Democratic principles, and society that of an amiable, kind-hearted and intelligent citizen. May his love for the right, and his fearlessness in expressing his convictions, animate those who survive him.

A number of persons enrolled themselves as members of the Club, making the total number to date about sixty.

The new Club room is neatly fitted up for the accomodations of the Club, and the President's desk surmounted by a small cannon, a gift from General McDonald, which will do good service in the ratification of a grand Democratic victory next November.

The Club adjourned to meet again on Saturday evening, August 21st, *at 7½ o'clock*, when important business will be transacted.

M. R. B. CREERY, President.

M. D. KITTELL, Secretary *pro. tem.*

DWELLING HOUSE DESTROYED AND CHILD BURNED TO DEATH.—The distressing news reached us on Monday last that shortly after midnight the preceding morning the house of Mr. Charles Cooney, of Munster township, had been destroyed by fire and that one of the eight children of the family had perished in the flames. The facts connected with this sad catastrophe seem to be that the family had gone to bed as usual Saturday night, and at the hour stated were awakened by the strong smell of smoke which pervaded the atmosphere. The house at this time was a mass of flames, but, by herculean efforts and through the interposition of Providence, all escaped, with only slight injury, excepting one little daughter, aged 8 years, whose rescue was made impossible by the rapid progress of the pitiless element. She was burnered to a crisp, her agonizing death-shrieks ringing in the ears of her parents and brothers and sisters, who were powerless to accomplish her rescue, though the father, we are told, had to be restrained from sacrificing his own life in the hopeless effort to save that of his child. Two other members of the family, both children, were slightly burned, one on the feet and the other on the hands. There is said to be one circumstance connected with this sad tragedy which remains to be explained. Amidst all the wreck of matter and loss of life, we are assured by competent witnesses that time enough was found by somebody about the premises to rescue from its hiding-place and carry to a haven of safety the sum of $2,100, which had been secreted somewhere on the premises. Charity prompts the hope that the money was not sought after with a full knowledge, or even with a just suspicion of the terrible death which was in store for the unfortunate little one. The house was a log one, built many years ago, and contained a large, old-fashioned stone chimney through the cracks of which the fire is supposed to have communicated with the wood work, thereby setting the building on fire. The loss is not heavy, we presume, but heavy or light, it is total, there having been no insurance on the property.

THE P. R. R. AND THE LLOYD ESTATE.—George M. Reade, Esq., of this place, attorney for the assignees of Wm. M. Lloyd & Co., filed in the United States District Court, Pittsburgh, on Saturday last, a number of papers which are preliminary to a suit which he proposes bringing against the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and in the event of the matter being decided in favor of the assignees the general creditors will have reason to congratulate themselves. It appears from the statements of Mr. Reade that during the progress of some other suit, brought recently by the assignees of the bankrupt banking firm, there were certain disclosures made which rendered it probable that the stock of the Bell's Gap Railroad Company, the Altoona Iron Company, the First National Bank of Altoona, and the Altoona Gas & Water Company, held by the Lloyds during their insolvency and before their bankruptcy, had been transferred to the Pennsylvania Rail Road as a kind of preferred creditor, thus preventing an equitable division of the assets. The amount of money involved is very large, and the decision of these suits, which will now probably be forced to trial, will be looked for anxiously by the general creditors of the firm. There are about 500 creditors in Altoona and vicinity, and over one hundred at Ebensburg, and the amount $800—all of them secured. If the assignees are successful in all the suits pending, including one to recover the mansion of Mr. Lloyd, at Altoona, valued at $50,000, other dividends will be declared, but almost an endless amount of litigation is involved and it is useless to raise the hopes of creditors as to what may be expected. Wait patiently for the dividends when they come will be more appreciated. So says the Altoona *Tribune*.

BOILER EXPLOSION AND LOSS OF LIFE.—At ten minutes before 12 o'clock, A. M., on Friday last, the boiler of the saw mill and planing mill belonging to Messrs. Perry & Son, of Chest Springs, located at Ashland Furnace, three miles from the first-named place, exploded with a report which was heard for miles around. The engine, a portable one, was not only reduced to a wreck, but the mill itself was scattered to the four winds. Saddest of all, it must be recorded, was a young man named John Allen, the engineer and fireman, was instantly killed by the combined effects of the escaping steam and a section of the exploded boiler striking him on the head and carrying away a portion of his skull. His remains were interred at Chest Springs the following Sunday. It may be noted as a somewhat singular fact that the timepiece which it was the custom of the deceased to hang on a post directly in front of the door of the engine, was not only not demolished in the general wreck, but, upon subsequent examination, was found occupying its accustomed position and ticking away merrily as though nothing unusual had occurred. The deceased was about 30 years of age, and was esteemed as an industrious and honest young man, with the additional qualification in his favor that all his efforts in life were directed toward the maintenance of a widowed mother and two or three sisters. Two other employees of the mill, named Wm. Mansfield and Peter Maloy, were in the small shed attached to the mill when the explosion occurred, but as the timbers comprising the structure were light and a pile of shingles near which they were seated protected them to a great extent from the falling debris, they both escaped without serious if indeed any injury whatever.

COLD WATER.—A gentleman of this place, accompanied by a lady and gentleman from Pittsburg, employed themselves on Monday evening last in testing the relative degrees of coldness of several springs and wells in this vicinity, with the following result:

Sprinkle's spring, below the dam	48 degrees.
Lloyd Grove spring	52 "
Lloyd's spring at spring house	56 "
Mrs. Rhey's pump water	52 "
T. H. Reist's pump on Centre street	52 "
Spring in Lloyd's meadow	52 "
Martin Ward's spring, west of town	50 "
Lem. Davis' spring, north of town	51 "
Jones' spring, north-east end of town	54 "
Mr. Jones' well, east end of town	54 "
John A. Blair's spring, on his farm and near Water's fence	51 "
John A. Blair's spring, on his farm and near Lloyd's cemetery	52 "
Water in reservoir	56 "
Court House well	52 "
Ice water in cooler at Mrs. Foster's	40 "
Temperature of the atmosphere in the shade	76 "

The average temperature of the springs in this State is about 62 degrees.

"PASSING" STRANGE.—The *Herald* of last week tells the following, which may be true to the letter, though some there are who will possibly feel like "passing" the "bucket full of slop" part of the story by as unworthy of credence. The *Herald* says:

A married lady in this place, upon retiring to bed on Tuesday night, discovered that she had lost her purse containing thirty-six dollars in gold coin. Search for the "ninety horse" was made immediately about the premises, but all in vain. She had visited a neighbor in the early part of the evening, and repairing there search was again made, and with the same result as before. She remembered having passed a bucket full of slop, and upon emptying the bucket of its contents the purse and gold were found in the bottom.

EVERY YOUNG PERSON needs more education than he has. Education is business capital. Normal Schools make thorough scholars. Indeed, one of the distinguishing characteristics of Normal School instruction is thoroughness. Graduates of the State Normal School at Indiana, Pa., already find employment in several States, at salaries varying from Six Hundred to Twelve Hundred Dollars per annum. See advertisement in another column.

COMMUNICATIONS.

REPUBLICAN LOVE FOR THE SOLDIER—IN A HORN.

EDITOR FREEMAN—The following official documents speak for themselves:

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, April 6, 1880.

SIR: Having been examined and found qualified to perform the duties of a clerkship of the first class ($1,200 per year), you are hereby appointed a clerk of that class in the office of the Auditor of the Treasury for the Post Office Department, *vice* F. J. McAnulty, promoted.

I am, very respectfully,

HOWELL COBB,
Secretary of the Treasury.

To A. J. RHEY, Esq., of Pennsylvania.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, July 11, 1861.

SIR: Having been examined and found qualified to perform the duties of a clerkship of the second class ($1,400 per year), you are hereby promoted and appointed a clerk of that class in the office of the Sixth Auditor of the Treasury, *vice* S. V. Boyd, promoted.

I am, very respectfully,

S. P. CHASE,
Secretary of the Treasury.

To A. J. RHEY, Esq.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 3, 1863.

HON. S. P. CHASE, Secretary of the Treasury:

SIR: I hereby tender my resignation as a clerk of the second class in the office of the Auditor of the Treasury for the Post Office Department, and I respectfully request that you would appoint in my place some soldier who has been wounded or incapacitated from active duty in the service of his country. I have the honor to be, very respectfully,

A. J. RHEY.

Your ob'd't servant,

Your readers will perceive from the above that I was appointed a clerk under the administration of President Buchanan, that I was promoted under the administration of President Lincoln, and that I resigned, after serving two years and nine months under the latter, and eleven months under the former, having also acted as a temporary clerk under Mr. B. for one year, from April 1, 1859, to April 1, 1860, in assisting to audit the Oregon and Washington territories war claim amounting to six and a half million of dollars. I regret to say that Mr. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury under Mr. Lincoln, did not carry out my request to appoint a soldier, having selected for my place Mr. Schuyler, a correspondent of a Chicago newspaper, who was no more fit to fill my situation than I was to be a Bishop. Such is the so-called love of the Republican party for the soldiers of the Republic, said organization giving the "word of promise to the ear only to break it to the hope." Hancock will give their party another Gettysburg route in November. Respectfully,

A. J. R.

LINES

TO MR. AND MRS. FRANK CRAMER ON THE DEATH OF THEIR DARLING CHILD, LOTIE.

Fond parents, weep not for your sweet angel boy—
Do not wish him back from his heavenly home—
But thank God he has called him in his childhood
And has placed him among His chosen—His own.

We know Lotie's death has caused you great sadness,
But he is much happier than if he was alive;
Then why should you fret for the one God has taken
When of bright, handsome children He has still left you five?

You have one now in heaven so happy and pure,
Always with the loved ones you so much adore;
Then pray to him often, both father and mother,
And he'll ask of our Saviour whate'er you implore.

E.

Loretto, August 8, 1880.

A GOOD MAN CALLED TO HIS REWARD.—We copy from the Altoona *Sun* of Monday evening the following somewhat extended notice of the death of an old-time Pennsylvanian whom we knew almost from our earliest infancy, and to whose unimpeachable integrity and earnest Christian deportment we can bear the most ample testimony. Deceased was the father of Mr. A. J. Anderson, a highly successful and much esteemed business man of Martinsburg, Blair county, a warm friend of the FREEMAN, and a son-in-law of Mr. Henry O'Hara, of Munster township. He was also the father of the excellent wives of our worthy friends Judge N. F. Carroll, of Salina, Kansas, and Mr. M. J. Murphy, of East Freedom, Pa., both of whom in their earlier days resided in Johnstown. It was the former of these two ladies who experienced the remarkable dream about the death of her brother which was copied by us from the New York *Sun* a few weeks ago.

Speaking of the venerable subject of this sketch, whose funeral takes place at Newry this (Thursday) forenoon, having been postponed to await the coming of Mrs. Carroll and other relatives, and whose soul, we sincerely hope, has found favor with God, the Altoona *Sun* says:

"William Anderson, a well-known and aged citizen of East Freedom, this county, died Saturday night at 12 o'clock. Mr. Anderson was born in Waynesburg, Franklin county, on the 13th of February, 1803, and was consequently aged 77 years and 6 months at the time of his decease. About 1820 he removed to this section of country and engaged in the iron manufacturing—or, in other words, the making of charcoal for use in furnaces. He continued in that business for upwards of fifteen years, his multifarious operations extending over a wide range of mountain country surrounding this city. About the year 1838 Mr. Anderson and Mrs. Thomas Hoover formed a commercial partnership and conducted an extensive mining operation, the establishment at Newry. The partnership continued for about four years, when Mr. Anderson removed to East Freedom and established a large store, he carrying almost every conceivable kind and quality of goods. A good measure of prosperity attended his business at East Freedom, and he continued actively and successfully at the head of his large establishment until last spring, when his son-in-law, Mr. Michael C. Murphy, purchased the stock and good will and the store is now conducted by him. Mr. Anderson was the father of eight children, nine sons and nine daughters, five of whom are still living. He was married twice, his first wife, by whom he had children, having died about the year 1840. To his second wife, who survives him and by whom he had also nine children, three of whom are still living, he was married in 1846. His first wife's maiden name was Margaret Scotland, that of his second wife Jennie Horrell, the venerable Father Bradley performing the marriage ceremony for Mr. Anderson and his second bride at Newry. Mr. Anderson's parents were Presbyterians, but at the time of his first marriage he united with the Catholic Church and continued a faithful believer in its creed to the time of his death. The final illness of the deceased was of short duration. He had been in about his usual health until 10 o'clock on Saturday morning last, when inflammation of the bowels took place and he gradually grew worse, dying rapidly toward the coming of the final moment, and passed away apparently without much suffering."

A NEW KIND OF "BALSAM."—The Altoona *Tribune* of Monday tells this story at the expense of one of our most amiable friends and patrons in that city:

One day last week there was a scene enacted on the Dry Gap road which came near ending in a tragedy. George Farmer and Charley Wahl each bought a fresh cow with a calf, Mr. Wahl's cow being a mulley. One day George and Farmer Beatles went to the lot where the two cows were kept to look at their purchases. The mulley cow was in the back part of the lot, and George, to save the trouble of going after her, began to throw a small rock at her, but instead of striking the bawl like a calf, it hit a moss-eyed mulley cow that belonged to George. He ran with all speed, but the cow kept on. Farmer was in the middle of the field, and George yelled frantically to him, "Head 'em off, head 'em off!" Farmer didn't hear, as he was not prepared for a charge like that. George went over the fence just in the nick of time. Ever since that he has kept shy of mulley cows.

"Two more dishes of cream,"
To the waiter he cried,
His ever staring widely,
His mouth open wide;
"I love her most madly,
To marriage I'm bent,
And I'll satisfy her appetite
If it takes my last cent."

His last cent was spent, and the sequel was a wedding, after which he and she occupied the front seats. Subsequent to this, she confided to him, as a profound secret, and one which was to go no further, that how she chanced to entrap him was by her hair's getting short and she wore a pair of those matchless walking shoes to be bought only at S. Blumenthal's, 1139 Eleventh avenue, Altoona. Mr. Blumenthal's is over for the feet for both ladies and gentlemen is unusually large and cheaper than the same line of goods can be found elsewhere in the interior of the State.

As I went in the garden I saw five brave maids,
Sitting on five broad beds, braiding broad braids;
I said to these five brave maids, sitting on five broad beds,
Braiding broad braids: Braid broad braids, brave maids.

The reciting of the foregoing is said to be a favorite pastime for romantic young persons who care neither for the warpling out of shape of their tongues nor the anguish they afflict on the countenances of others, and we now, were put into poetical shape and played to music, there would be sense and solid reasoning in it: "When you go elsewhere than to Godfrey Hess's, next door to the postoffice, Altoona, for a summer or fall suit of ready-made clothing, you commit a grievous error, for he sells you cheap, and he sells you good goods if. The celebrated Rochester clothing a specialty. Orders by mail promptly attended to and favors of that kind respectfully solicited.

A TOM-CAT sits upon a shed
And warbles wildly to his mate:
"Oh, when the world is hushed in bed,
I love to sit and nerve 'till late."
But while the tom-cat sits and sings
Up springs a hustler, mad with hate,
Who shoots that cat to fiddle strings,
He ain't bothered to sit late.

This, it is to be presumed, occurs in the absence of Bergh, the renowned preventor of cruelty to animals. But let us drop that subject. How do your clothes fit you? If they are on you all awry, and they ought to be such as to make you ashamed of yourself whenever you appear in public, and you say to yourself that you will be a fool to somebody else next time you go to make a purchase, then we advise you to pay a visit to Jas. J. Murphy, 109 Clinton street, Johnstown, before going elsewhere. He sells only goods of the first class, and sells them cheap.

A pair of lovers lily strolled,
Adown an avenue;
Said he: "Now tell me what it is
That you would like to do?"
She tossed a chip into the brook
Beneath the swelling shade,
Said she, "I'd like to shed my shoes
And git in that and wade."

Subsequently she thought better of it, and remarked: "The acme of human bliss for me would be to see you shed that miserable suit of clothes you have on and go to Simon & Bendheim's, next door to the First National Bank, Altoona, and get something nice, neat and nobby." This firm, which is one of the most solid to be found anywhere, deals only in first-class goods, and their prices commend themselves to all who come within their influence. If you patronize them, you will never regret it.

—"Carry the news to Mary!"—Health, and happiness are found in every box of Sellers' Liver Pills.

HYMENEAL.

BILLER—HARTZOG.—Married, at East Liberty, on Tuesday, August 10, 1880, by Rev. Father Kane, Mr. JOHN M. BILLER, of Gallitzin, Cambria county, and Miss MARY HARTZOG, of the former place.

Having already congratulated our young friends on the happy realization of their fondly cherished hopes, it only remains for us to tender them our sincere thanks and best wishes for the large and delicious cake and the no less welcome greenback which accompanied the above notice. Blessings on ye both, happy husband, happy wife. May love and contentment ever find an abiding place in your hospitable household, and may the springtide of your love never ebb until the discerning hand of death has parted you in this world only to unite you once more and forever in the better world to come. May you, in short,

In your voyage thro' life's stormy sea never vary,
And in fair or foul weather may John to his Mary
Be constant and faithful, while without one pro or con
May Mary, fond wife and loving, be obedient to John;
And should the fates so decree when "squalls" are quite near,
May a few little Billers in clean "white caps" appear.

OBITUARY.

DUMM.—Died, in Carroll township, on Wednesday, July 21, 1880, IDA, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Valentine Dumm, aged 13 years.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of MARGARET MCMULLEN, dec'd.
Letters testamentary on the estate of Margaret McMullen, late of Clearfield township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment, and those having claims against the estate will present them properly authenticated for settlement.
CORNELIUS MORRIS, Executor.
Clearfield Twp., Aug. 20, 1880.-5t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of GEO. W. OATMAN, dec'd.
Letters of administration on the estate of Geo. W. Oatman, late of Ebensburg borough, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified that immediate payment must be made, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.
H. KINKEAD, Administrator.
Ebensburg, Aug. 20, 1880.-6t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of JOHN G. LAKE, dec'd.
Letters of Administration on the estate of John G. Lake, Esq., late of the borough of Ebensburg, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.
M. D. KITTELL, Administrator.
Ebensburg, Aug. 20, 1880.-6t.

BAYARD TAYLOR
Said: "I take great pleasure in recommending to parents the Academy of Mr. Swithin C. Shortlidge."

THE HEAD OF THE NATION.

SOME INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT PRESIDENTS AND THE PRESIDENCY.

Forty-five millions of people, more or less, are now talking about Presidents and the Presidency; and it is not out of place to give some interesting facts, historical and constitutional, in connection therewith.

To begin, then, the word President, derived from the Latin, means to "sit before"—*i. e.*, an audience. The free translation of the term would be "chairman." And the office of a chairman is to act as presiding officer or moderator of an assemblage.

The President of the United States holds his office for four years. He must be a native of the United States, and at least thirty-five years of age.

He is not elected by the popular vote, but by a College of Electors chosen by the people. Buchanan's popular vote was about 200,000 less than half the total cast; Lincoln's about 800,000 less than half; and Hayes was 150,000 votes behind the number cast for Tilden.

From 1789 to 1824 the President was, in most cases, chosen by the legislature of the States.

The title at first conferred upon the President was "His Highness the President of the United States and Protector of our Liberties." After a while it was discontinued.

The President receives a salary of $50,000 a year, with the White House as a residence free of charge, and light, fuel and attendants thrown in.

Under the original provisions of the Constitution the person having the second highest number of votes for President became Vice-President.

By arrangement two men of directly opposite political views might, and, in fact, did, become elected to the offices of President and Vice-President in the same administration.

The Presidents of the United States, from the adoption of the Constitution to the present, have been as follows:

George Washington, 1789 to 1798.
John Adams, 1797 to 1801.
Thomas Jefferson, 1801 to 1809.
James Madison, 1809 to 1817.
James Monroe, 1817 to 1825.
John Quincy Adams, 1825 to 1829.
Andrew Jackson, 1829 to 1837.
Martin Van Buren, 1837 to 1841.
William Henry Harrison, 1841, when he died, and was succeeded by John Tyler, the Vice-President, who held office till 1845.
James Knox Polk, 1845 to 1849.
Zachary Taylor, 1849 to July 5, 1850, when he died, and was succeeded by Millard Fillmore, the Vice-President, who held office till 1853.
Franklin Pierce, 1853 to 1857.
James Buchanan, 1857 to 1861.
Abraham Lincoln, 1861 to April 15, 1865, when he died, and was succeeded by Andrew Johnston, the Vice-President, who held office till 1869.
Ulysses S. Grant, 1869 to 1877.
Rutherford B. Hayes, from 1877 to 1881.

Nineteen Presidents in all, from the close of the provisional government till the present.

According to the Constitution, the President and Vice-President cannot be chosen from the same State.

Of the nineteen Presidents, seven came from Virginia—Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Harrison, Tyler, and Taylor; two from Massachusetts—John Adams and his son, John Quincy Adams; one from New York—Van Buren; one from New Hampshire—Pierce; one from Maryland—Fillmore; three from Tennessee—Jackson, Polk, and Johnson; two from Illinois—Lincoln and Grant; one from Pennsylvania—Buchanan, and one from Ohio—Hayes.

On his renomination for a second term the total electoral vote was increased by the accession of new States to 175, of which number Washington received 132.

John Adams, who was the next President in succession to Washington, received seventy-one votes out of a total of 138.

In the fourth Presidential contest Thomas Jefferson and Aaron Burr received seventy-three votes each. The result being a tie, there was, of course, no election, and the choice of President devolved upon the House of Representatives, which elected Jefferson by a vote of ten to four—Delaware and North Carolina not voting.

The electoral college also failed to elect in the tenth Presidential contest. The total number of votes was 294. Of these Andrew Jackson received ninety-nine, John Q. Adams eighty-four, William H. Crawford forty-one and Henry Clay thirty-seven. The House elected Jackson.

In 1856 the Democrats elected their last President, James Buchanan, and the Republicans put in the field its first candidate, John C. Fremont.

That same year—1856—what was known as the Know-Nothing movement had acquired considerable strength, and the American party put in the field Millard Fillmore. He received only the eight electoral votes of his own State—Maryland.

During the Presidential election of 1864, eleven States—all Southern—did not vote.

Of the nineteen Presidents, ten have been soldiers and nine lawyers.

Of the six candidates now running for the office of President and Vice President five are Generals and one is a banker.

AN INTELLIGENT DONKEY.—It has often been remarked by experienced naturalists that human being have little conception of the marvellous sagacity existing in dumb animals when they are encouraged by consistent kindness on the part of the masters to display it. For instance, the *Little Folks' Magazine* relates that a Spanish peasant living in the suburbs of Madridthas had long been in the habit of repairing daily to the city, accompanied by a donkey laden with milk for distribution among certain customers. One day, however, the master was taken ill, whereupon his wife suggested that the ass should be sent on his customary journey alone. The panniers were accordingly filled with cans of milk as usual, and a bit of paper was attached to the donkey's headstall, requesting the customers to help themselves to their ordinary allowance of milk, and to put back the cans into the pannier. Off started the donkey, and returned in due course with the cans empty and with everything in order. The master found upon inquiry that the trusty messenger had called at the right doors without missing one, and also that in some instances he had pulled the bell with his teeth when kept waiting. From that day forward the donkey has gone his rounds alone, and it may be presumed that his arrival at a certain definite hour is counted on by each customer, just as in England, forty or fifty years ago, the inhabitants of country villages regulated their clocks and watches by the mail coaches which ran past their doors with unfailing punctuality. The story speaks well for the sagacity of the donkey, and also for the proverbial honesty of the lower orders in Spain, among whom acts of petty larceny are as much unknown as in the Scottish Highlands, or in the west of Ireland.

THE GREENSTOWN *Telegraph* suggests that our agricultural societies, which give so many and high premiums for fast trotting horses, might at least spare a little for the encouragement of the food which the noble animal is to eat. Premiums for well grown hay, clean hay, hay from improved grasses and well-managed hay-fields, it thinks, would surely be objects worthy of the attention of even a "State Agricultural Society."

1880. FOURTH ANNUAL GRAND 1880.

EXPOSITION AND FAIR

OF THE

PITTSBURGH EXPOSITION SOCIETY

Will open Thursday, Sept. 2nd, and remain open Day and Evening, Sundays excepted, until October 9th.

A new Machinery Hall has been erected, taking the place of Old Power Hall, which has been removed, and the space converted into a beautiful Lawn, with Flower Beds and Fountains.

An Annex has been added to Floral Hall, which will be decorated with growing plants of every variety, among which will be fine displays of cut flowers, $1,000 in premiums being offered for that purpose.

The Old Buildings, having been repainted and repaired, present a striking appearance. Fifteen acres have been added to the grounds, thus increasing the area to twenty-five acres.

A perfect half-mile trotting course has been constructed, on which trials of speed will be had by some of the finest stock in the country, $5,400 in premiums being offered in this department.

BUILDINGS and GROUNDS will be thoroughly illuminated with the **Brush Electric Light.**

Through the co-operation of our Manufacturers a thorough representation of the Products of Pittsburgh and Allegheny City will be on exhibition.

Floral Hall and Annex, in charge of our prominent Florists, will surpass all previous efforts in the line.

NEW FEATURE.

In order to interest the surrounding Counties, an Agricultural Fair has been added to the Exposition, and our Farmers, Producers and Breeders of Fine Stock, Horses, Cows, Sheep, Swine, &c., and all descriptions of Farm Products, will be awarded Premiums amounting to $10,000.

CONCERTS every afternoon and evening by the Great Western Eleventh Regiment Band. Music on the Grand Organ daily. Excursion Tickets on all Railroads at greatly reduced rates.

PREMIUMS: $10,000 - - - IN FAIR DEPARTMENT.
4,400 - - - IN SPEED do.
1,000 - - - IN CUT FLOWER do.

The Dining Department will be under the supervision of a competent Hotel Keeper. Refreshments furnished at moderate prices.

ADMISSION, ... 25 CENTS.
CHILDREN, under 12 Years of Age, ... 15 "

Send for Prospectus containing Premium List and General Rules and Regulations.

E. P. YOUNG, General Manager. J. C. PATTERSON, Secretary.
[8-4-] JOHN D. BAILEY, Ass't Manager and Cashier. [9-1

STILL LATER AND BETTER!

NEW SUMMER GOODS

IN GREAT PROFUSION AT

FREIDHOFF'S CHEAP STORE!

While so many are looking forward to the coming Presidential election in hopes of being the lucky man, the subscriber has concluded to remain in the successful business and give it his undivided attention by supplying his friends and the public generally with ALL KIND OF GOODS

AT PRICES SO LOW

THAT NONE CAN OR DARE COMPETE WITH HIM.

Buyers will always find a full and elegant stock of everything to be found in a general store, comprising a complete line of

DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, NOTIONS, HATS, CAPS,

Boots, Shoes, Groceries, Hardware, Tinware,

Queensware, Glassware, Woodenware, Cigars, Tobacco, and Goods, &c., &c.

Also, FLOUR, CORN MEAL, FISH, SALT by the bushel and barrel, DRUGS, NAILS GLASS, PUTTY, BRUSHES, BROOMS, &c. I have likewise added to my stock

BIRD'S PATENT CORN SHELLER,

which will be sold at the remarkable low price of 60 cents each. Also for sale, the

BEST AND QUICKEST BUTTER-PRODUCING CHURN EVER INVENTED.

☞ A large increase of business has necessitated the enlargement of my store-room and the erection of an additional warehouse, and still my establishment is literally crowded with choice goods and eager workers after bargains. With being determined to accommodate all who come, and especially my friends from the country, to who in view highest cash prices in trade will be paid for all kind of produce, I have thrown open my large and commodious establishment, and the people of all who may wish to put up their stock. Thankful for past favors and hopeful for many favors ones I remain as ever,

N. J. FREIDHOFF.

High Street, Ebensburg, March, 1880.

DON'T, GENTLEMEN, DON'T

BUY A STITCH OF

WEARING APPAREL!

OR A SINGLE ARTICLE OF

CENT'S FURNISHING GOODS!

UNTIL YOU HAVE SEEN THE IMMENSE STOCK OF

WARM-WEATHER CLOTHING,

Hats, Caps, Umbrellas,

Trunks, Valises, &c., &c.

JUST RECEIVED AT THE

Young America Clothing House,

Corner Eleventh Avenue and Eleventh Street,

ALTOONA, PA.,

THE PROPRIETORS OF WHICH MAKE IT THEIR CONSTANT AIM TO

KEEP A STOCK AND SELL AT PRICES

WHICH FEW CAN EQUAL AND NONE CAN EXCEL.

Therefore we request ALL Don't to buy not you eat in SPRING or SUMMER CLOTHING, GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS, &c., &c., until you have seen what they can do for you at the

Young America Clothing House,

[4-23] Cor. 11th Avenue and 11th Street, Altoona, Pa. [11-61

GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN,

113 & 115 CLINTON STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA.,

—ALWAYS HAVE THE—

Largest and Cheapest Stock of

Dry and Dress Goods,

NOTIONS, MILLINERY, CARPETS, ETC.,

to be found in Cambria or adjoining counties. ☞ Forget not the street and numbers and fail not to call, buy and be happy.

KIDNEY DISEASES, CONSTIPATION AND PILES.

are quickly and surely cured by the use of KIDNEY-WORT. This new and wonderful remedy which is having such remarkable success in all cases of the above diseases, acts on all the kidneys at once, restoring natural action to the diseased organs, and through them cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that cause disease. Kidney-Wort promptly overcomes habitual constipation, relieving the bowels only after perfect passages have been caused, also Piles, Constipation, Rheumatism, gone. No longer use Alcoholic Poisons, which do more harm than good, or drastic pills, but use nature's own remedy, KIDNEY-WORT, and health will be quickly restored. Get it of your Druggist. Price, $1. (Will send by mail.) WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Prop'rs, Burlington, Vt.

SMOKE THE Little Builder Cigar, One Hundred for $2.00; SATISFACTION GUARANTEED, or MONEY REFUNDED. Other Brands from $2.50 up. Delivered to any address in the U. S., post-paid, on receipt of price.
M. J. DOUGHERTY,
12-19 Sole Manf'r, 434 Penn Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED $50 to $125 a Month. ENCYCLOPEDIA OF HOW TO BE YOUR OWN LAWYER Law and forms for Business Men, Farmers, Mechanics and Workingmen Selling Fast. Low price. Great success. One agent sold 500 in one town, another 123 in 26 days, another 75 in 12 days. Saves ten times its cost, and everybody wants it. Send for circulars and terms. Also General Agents Wanted. Address P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., 1,600 Arch St., Phil'a, Pa.

WM. H. SECHLER, *Attorney at Law*, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Colonade Row, (recently occupied by Wm. Kittell, Esq.,) Centre street. [11-21-78-tf.]

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in front room of T. J. Lloyd's new building, Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily, and collections a specialty. [10-14-tf.]

GENERATION AFTER GENERATION.

The report of the Superintendent of the Insurance Department for the year 1865 contains a table showing the number of lineal ancestors of a husband and wife, and their number of lineal descendants in twelve generations.—Starting from a single pair, there were four parents, eight grandparents, sixteen great-grandparents, and so on, until in the twelfth generation back, they had 4,096, making a total of 8,190 ancestors. This, of course, is the necessary fact; in the other direction, the table assumes that each pair have four children, so that the constant multiplier is four, and, in the twelfth generation, the number of 4,194,304 descendants is reached, or 5,592,404 total. The report somewhat rhetorically puts the result thus: If we go back only a dozen generations in the direct ancestral line, the blood of 8,190 different persons commingles with that of our own children, and in each one of these ancestors' veins flowed a scarlet current of life equally freighted with infinite ancestral tendencies; in the descending line, assuming husband and wife to have four children, and that this double or quadruple multiplication will continue for only four generations, we see that our own blood will inspire or misguise 5,592,404 human beings. This assumption of increase is clearly excessive, and calculations of population based upon it would startle even the most positive Malthusian. The table has no particular usefulness, and yet it may serve as an illustration of heredity, for it shows that we need not go back to the argument that our descent from a single pair makes us all brethren in order to prove that we are all related to one another by ties of blood. It is becoming more generally admitted that the spiritual nature, as well as the physical, is what Dr. Holmes has recently called it—"a natural endowment like a musical ear." Unquestionably, birth sets our feet in ruts already worn deep for us by some of the thousands in our line who have preceded us; and while admission of the fact does not obliterate moral accountability, realization of its import may temper harshness of judgment.—But for those who possibly distress, or, more probably, seek to excuse themselves by pleading at bar an inherited bias, there is this consideration: such bias must at least be the net result of various and contradictory natures, and the wicked ancestor in one generation is opposed in subtly the salutly one in another. Moreover, as the genealogical tree widens its inflexibility decreases; if Blackbeard, the pirate, was in our line, the piracy in his blood must have been diluted out of appreciable effect before it reached ours. We need trouble ourselves, at most, only about our quite immediate ancestors—when we have to prefix "great" more than twice we can leave those old fathers and mothers of ours undisturbed, unless we are hankering for food for the pride of descent.

A NEW ERA.

The doctors must explain this Tanner matter or be marked back many centuries. The doctor has upset a hundred theories as fixed, in medical science, as the everlasting hills. He has not only lived without food for forty days, but he has gauged himself at the breaking of his fast; and he has filled up that yawning emptiness with milk and watermelon—two articles that, taken together, especially in this season of cholera morbus, ought to have consigned him to the shades as certainly and with as much rapidity as strychnine or Paris green. What have the doctors to say? How do they account for it?

The benefits to come from Tanner's experiment cannot be enumerated just now—any more than the deaths arising from similar experiments by ignorant men. One man has been cured of indigestion by a starving process lasting a few days. Persons troubled with dyspepsia may find a remedy in Dr. Tanner for that most exasperating of all bodily afflictions. Possibly fevers may indefinitely be postponed, and it may even be that starvation will make whole communities innocuous to the germs of epidemics. Young men who have been jilted may become reconciled through this article of self-denial. Persons who now have an unconquerable yearning to steal may perhaps be cured of it by starving themselves. It may work the reformation of some coming republican congress—though of course that is much to expect; and perhaps if General Garfield should starve himself six months or so he would find himself purged of the disgrace arising from the DeGolyer matter, the back-pay steal, the Oakes Ames trouble, etc.

Dr. Tanner, in fact, has the medical world at his feet. He "knows what he is about," as he sternly remarked to the old-time science that refused him his mixture of milk and watermelon, and the orthodox medical world does not. He must lecture and he must write books. He must tell us how to live, and possibly how to escape dying. The nation bends its ear to him, and the publishers are anxious to serve him. The sick turn to him with confidence, and the timid and apprehensive lose half their fear because of his continued presence after the great fast. Let there be bonfires with the medical works of the past for the combustible material, and let Dr. Tanner step to the front as the apostle of a new era and one that is perhaps a vast improvement on all that have gone before.—*Elmira Free Press.*

FROM BLACK TO WHITE.

—At the present time there is living in Westminster, along the line of the Western Maryland Railroad, a colored man named Abraham Ireland, whose case has excited the wonder and puzzled the minds of the medical fraternity. Ireland is 70 years old, and until four years ago was as black as the purest type of African. About that time he began to whiten. The flesh upon his chest turned gradually white, next his hands and arms changed color, and then his face and neck. The first indications of a change of color are the appearance of yellow spots upon the skin, filled with black specks. These specks disappear and the yellow spot gets white and spreads. Ireland has had several offers from showmen, but declined them, preferring to live with his wife, who is a white woman, and his son, who is almost as black as his father once was.—*Hagerstown Herald.*

ASTONISHING INCREASE.—The history of a single bean accidentally planted in a garden in Southbridge, Mass., is treated by a newspaper correspondent, who figured out its product for three years. The bean was planted in a rich, loamy soil, and when gathered in the autumn its yield, as counted, "was 1,515 perfectly developed beans from a single stalk." Now, if a single bean produces 1,515 more, the sum total of the second year's product would be 2,295,226, equal to 1,195 pounds, 597 quarts, or 1,390 army rations, equal to eighteen bushels. This would be the product of the second year. Now, if we plant this product and the yield is the same, we have a product of 5,288,958,809,615 beans, equal to 1,371,899 tons, or 42,871,872 bushels, or 548,756,685 soldiers' rations. This third planting would give the steamer Great Eastern ninety-two full freights.

A FLOWER has been found in Northern Mexico that has a perfume like that of whisky, and when a lot of prospectors from California got into a field where it grew, they were just wild with excitement until they found where the odor came from.

The Largest Tree in the World.

In Nelson's "Scientific and Technical Reader" there is an account abridged from Hutching's "Scenes and Wonders in California," of a grove of trees. This grove is situated on the water-shed between the San Antonio branch of the Calaveras river and the north fork of the Stanislaus river, an elevation of 4,270 feet above the sea level, and at a distance of ninety-seven miles from Sacramento city and eighty-seven from Stockton. Within an area of fifty acres there are 102 large trees, twenty, of which exceed twenty-five feet in diameter, and are consequently over seventy-five feet in circumference. The "father of the forest," the largest of the group, lies prostrate and half buried in the soil; it measures at the root 110 feet in circumferences, is 200 feet to the first branch, and from the trees which were broken by its fall is estimated to have been 435 feet in length; 300 feet from the roots it is eighteen feet in diameter.

The "big tree" was bored off some years since with pump augurs and then wedged down; the stump, which stands five and a-half feet above the soil, is round to the core, and has been used as a hall-room. This tree was ninety-six feet in circumference at the ground, and 302 feet high. The "mother of the forest" was stripped of its bark in 1854, for exhibition in New England States, and now measures, without the bark, eighty-four feet in circumference; several feet up it is thirty-nine and a half feet (also without the bark); its height is 321 feet. The "burnt tree," prostrate, is estimated to have been 300 feet high when standing, and ninety-seven feet in circumference; it measures thirty-nine feet and a-half across the roots. "Hercules" is ninety-five feet in circumference, and 320 feet high. The "pioneer's cabin," broken off 150 feet from the ground, measures thirty-nine feet in diameter, but, owing to its being hollow, and its surface uneven, its average is not quite equal to that. Fourteen other trees average 291 feet high, and seventy-eight and a half feet in circumference. It is estimated from the number of concentric layers of wood in these trees, each layer of which is supposed to be the growth of a year, that their age is almost 3,000 years, considerably younger than the one on exhibition. This grove is also described in an amusing manner by T. W. Hinchliff, in his "Over the Sea and Far Away," 1876. From his account, the trees occupy a belt 3,200 feet long and 700 feet wide, which contains from ninety to 100 sequoias of the largest size; the highest is 325 feet and the diameter of one (which I think must be the "big tree") is twenty-seven feet. At six feet from the ground, he says, the survey party counted the rings of this section, and found the number to be 1,255; this tree, he thinks, is one of the finest in the grove.

QUEER THINGS ABOUT THE DISMAL SWAMP.—A Virginia paper tells some things which are not generally known about the Dismal Swamp. It is not a vast bog sunk low in the ground, into which the drainage of the surrounding country flows, but on the contrary, it is above the level ground some fifteen or twenty feet, as was demonstrated by actual surveys. Instead of being a receptacle into which rivers and streams enter and flow, it is in reality an immense reservoir that, in its vast spongelike bulk, gathers the waters that fall from the heavens and pours them into the five different rivers which flow outward to the sea. Any one would imagine that the Dismal Swamp was a veritable channel-house that spreads its miasmas throughout the country. On the contrary, it is the healthiest place on the American continent. The swamp is entirely of green timber.—There is absolutely no decomposed wood; one sees trees lying around the forests and swamps. The two principal woods that grow in the place are the juniper and the cypress, which never rot. They fall prone on the ground like other trees, but instead of the wood decomposing it turns into peat, and lies indissoluble by air or water for ages perfectly sound. There is nothing in the swamp to create miasma; no rising of the tides and decomposing or rank vegetables; no marshes exposed to the burning rays of the sun. All is fresh and sweet, and the air is laden with as sweet odors as the fragrant woods in May, when the fragrance of the flowers mingles with the pungent scent of the pine and dogwood. In the ante-bellum days all planters were anxious to hire their slaves to shingle-makers in the swamp on account of its healthfulness. Mr. Reddick, a well-known contractor, says he worked a gang of fifty hands for fifteen years in the Dismal, getting shingles, and in all that time there was not a single case of the ague and fever. I have seen numerous affidavits of overseers and agents who have lived in the swamp their whole lifetime, and they never knew a death caused by miasma or a solitary instance of ague and fever. The air is pure and sweet, and the water, tinged to a faint wine hue by the juniper, is as potent a medicinal drink as is to be found at the famous watering places of the Virginia mountain spas. It is often used by vessels going on a foreign cruise on account of its healthful properties, and also because it keeps fresh and clear for years. It is a strong and invigorating tonic, with pleasant taste.

HOW HINDOO GIRLS ARE MADE STRAIGHT.—The Hindoo girls are very graceful and exquisitely formed. From their earliest childhood they are accustomed to carry burdens on their heads. The water for family use is always brought by the girls in earthern jars, carefully poised in this way. The exercise is said to strengthen the muscles of the back, while the chest is thrown forward. No crooked backs are seen in Hindostan.

Dr. H. Spry says that this exercise of carrying small vessels of water on the head might be advantageously introduced into boarding-schools and private families, and that it might entirely supercede the present machinery of dumb bells, back-boards, skipping ropes, etc. The young ladies ought to be taught to carry the jar as these Hindoo woman do without touching it with their hands. The same practice of carrying water leads precisely to the same result in the south of Italy as in India. A Neapolitan female peasant will carry on her head a vessel full of water to the very brim over a rough road, and not spill a drop of it; and the acquisition of this art or knack gives her the same erect and elastic gait.

AN INGENIOUS ARRANGEMENT.—The following ingenious arrangement of a sentence may be read over two thousand ways, without altering the original words, by beginning at the letter E, which will be found in the centre of the diamond:

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                E
              EVE
            EVILVE
          EVIL&LIVE
        EVIL&TN&LIVE
      EVIL&TNEN&TN&LIVE
    EVIL&TNEPEN&TN&LIVE
  EVIL&TNEPEPEN&TN&LIVE
EVIL&TNEPEPEPEN&TN&LIVE
  EVIL&TNEPEPEN&TN&LIVE
    EVIL&TNEPEN&TN&LIVE
      EVIL&TNEN&TN&LIVE
        EVIL&TN&LIVE
          EVIL&LIVE
            EVILVE
              EVE
                E
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SIXES' DYSENTERY COMPOUND has been recommended so highly for children and babies, but don't forget it, old bachelor, you had better have a bottle during the summer season for yourself.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM.
OF LYNN, MASS.

DISCOVERER OF

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

The Positive Cure

For all Female Complaints.

This preparation, as its name signifies, consists of Vegetable Properties that are harmless to the most delicate invalid. Upon one trial the merits of this Compound will be proclaimed, as relief is immediate; and a few weeks are considered, in nearly all cases, a radical, permanent cure. It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

In fact it has proved to be the great est and best remedy that has ever been discovered. It permeates every portion of the system, and gives new life and vigor. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach.

It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times, and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the law that governs the female system.

For Kidney Complaints of either sex this compound is unsurpassed.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1.00. For bottle or box. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1.00, per box, for either. MRS. PINKHAM freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. Mention this paper.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents per box.

☞ For sale by all Druggists. [1-2-80-52-]

KIDNEY-WORT

PERMANENTLY CURES
KIDNEY DISEASES,
LIVER COMPLAINTS,
Constipation and Piles.

DR. H. H. CLARK, South Hero, Vt., says, "In cases of KIDNEY-WORT PILES it has acted like a charm. It has cured many very bad cases of PILES, and has never failed to act effectually."

NELSON FAIRCHILD, of St. Albans, Vt., says, "It is of priceless value. After sixteen years of great suffering from Piles and Costiveness it completely cured me."

C. S. HOGABON, of Berkshire, says, "one package has done wonders for me in completely curing a severe Liver and Kidney Complaint."

IT HAS WONDERFUL POWER. WHY?

BECAUSE IT ACTS ON THE LIVER, THE BOWELS AND KIDNEYS AT THE SAME TIME.

Because it cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develope in Kidney and Urinary diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Female disorders.

KIDNEY-WORT is a dry vegetable compound and can be sent by mail prepaid.

One package will make six qts of medicine.

TRY IT NOW!

Buy it at the Druggists. Price, $1.00.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors, Burlington, Vt.

SELLERS' COUGH SYRUP!

40 YEARS BEFORE THE PUBLIC.

Pronounced by all to be the most PLEASANT and EFFICACIOUS remedy NOW in use for the CURE OF COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, hoarseness, tickling sensation of the throat, whooping cough, etc. OVER A MILLION BOTTLES SOLD WITHIN THE LAST FEW YEARS. It gives relief wherever used, and has the power to impart benefit that CANNOT be had from the cough mixtures now in use. Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents per bottle.

SELLERS' LIVER PILLS are also highly recommended for curing liver complaint constipation, sick-headaches, fever and ague, and all diseases of the stomach and liver. Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents per box.

R. E. Sellers & Co., Pittsburg, Pa.
October 24, 1879.-ly.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

Defensive Medication

Is a preventive which should never be neglected when danger is present, and therefore a course of the Bitters at this season is particularly desirable, especially for the feeble and sickly. As a remedy for biliousness, dyspepsia, nervousness, and bowel complaints, there is nothing comparable to this wholesome restorative.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

NERVOUS DEBILITY

GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.

TRADE MARK. The Great Eng. TRADE MARK.

Irish Remedy, an infallible cure for Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency and all diseases that follow as a sequence of Self-Abuse, as Loss of Memory, Universal Lassitude, Pain in the Back, Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age, and many other diseases that lead to Insanity or Consumption, and a Premature Grave. ☞ Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to everyone. ☞ The Specific Medicine is sold by all Druggists at $1 per package or six packages for $5, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money by addressing

The Gray Medicine Co.,
Mechanics' Block, Detroit, Mich.
☞ SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

BEFORE TAKING. AFTER TAKING.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. [12-4,'79-1y.]

WARNER'S SAFE REMEDIES

Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

(Formerly Dr. Conger's Kidney Cure.)

A reliable preparation and the only cure remedy in the world for Bright's Disease, Diabetes, and ALL Kidney, Liver, and Urinary Diseases.

The immense sales attest the highest order in proof of these statements.

For the cure of Diabetes, call for Warner's Safe Diabetes Cure.

Etc. For the cure of Bright's and the other diseases, call for Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

WARNER'S SAFE BITTERS.

Is the best Blood Purifier, and stimulates every function to more healthful action, and so cures a world of all diseases.

It cures Scrofulous and other Skin Eruptions, Boils, Tumors, running Cancers, Ulcers, and other sores.

Dyspepsia, Weakness of the Stomach, Constipation, Dizziness, General Debility, Nervousness, Sick-Headache, are cured by Warner's Safe Bitters. It is unequaled as an appetizer and general tonic.

Sold by druggists. Price, 50c., and $1.00.

WARNER'S SAFE NERVINE

Quickly cures Rest and Sleep to the tired, nervous, Headache and Neuralgia, prevents Epileptic Fits, and relieves Nervous Prostration in all its forms. Sold by druggists. Price, 50c., and $1.00.

WARNER'S SAFE PILLS

Are an immediate and active stimulus for a Torpid Liver, and cure Costiveness, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Jaundice, Sick-Headache, Female Irregularities, Fever and Ague, and should be used in connection with the above, as the bowels do not operate freely and regularly. On other Pills require each small dose for the work. Price 25c. a box. Sold by druggists. A Beautiful Almanac for 1880 sent free. Sold by Druggists. A Beautiful Almanac for 1880 sent free.

H. H. Warner & Co., Proprietors, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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BREWING PRONEFIELD & CO'S

VEGETABLE CATTLE POWDER AND CATTLE LINIMENT

Is a sure cure for all ordinary diseases of Horses, Cattle, Sheep and Swine. It cures and prevents CHICKEN CHOLERA. Your hen is certain to yield 25 PER CENT. MORE AND BETTER MILK AND BUTTER. STOCK FATTENS ON ONE-FOURTH LESS FEED!

Being in possession of a large number of excellent testimonials, I subjoin a few:

I have been using Pronefield's Cattle Powder for horses, cattle, sheep and hogs, and find it a first-class article.—Thomas Davis, Cattle Dealer, Pa.

I have used your Cattle Powder on my cow and chickens. You can have my name for what it is worth. The cow gave more milk the day before the powder was given than ever before. My chickens are doing splendid since using it.—Mrs. Wm. Green. I feel sure that your powder will cure my cow and chickens.—Jesse Pancoe, Dolan, N. C.

I have used your Cattle Powder and must say it is the best for horses, cattle, sheep, etc. Tried it on my cow and chickens, and it has done wonders in every case.—Jos. Weaver, Berrysville, Pa.

Last summer you sent me a package of your powder which I gave to my poultry, and have not had any disease among my chicken since.—Mrs. Wm. Kerr, Cedar Run, Pa.

Send me a pack of your Cattle Powder. The pack I got from you last winter cleared the cow completely. I have some of it to a neighbor's cow and feed the chickens.—John Williams, Spring Valley, Pa.

Address, for a pamphlet, P. A. SCHLLER, 430 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA, Pa. [7-9-'80-1y.]

HOP BITTERS.

(A Medicine, not a Drink.)

CONTAINING

HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, DANDELION.

With the Best and Purest Medical Qualities of all other Herbs.

THEY CURE

All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Urinary Organs, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and especially Female Complaints.

$1000 IN GOLD.

Will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them.

Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and try them before you sleep. Take no other.

Hop cough Cure is the greatest, safest and best. Ask Children.

The Best Tonic, Stimulant, Diuretic and Sedative in use. Prefer to all others. Cures by absorption. Ask druggists.

In A. C. combination with the above Hop Bitters are unequaled for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics.

Send for circular. Manufactured by the Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y.

MAKE YOUR OWN BEER!

BY using a 25 cent package of AMERICAN HOP & MALT CO.'S Preparation, which will give you 5 gallons of

AROMATIC BIRCH BEER!

Composed of roots and herbs that are specially beneficial to the blood and system. It is a temperance, an excellent preventive of Summer Complaints, a Tonic, and a Blood Purifier. It is refreshing and refreshing without being stimulating. Endorsed by Physicians and Druggists.

I have tried Aschenbach & Miller's Birch Beer, and consider it superior to any article of the kind.—Jos. Taylor, 247 N. Front St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Having tried Aschenbach & Miller's Birch Beer, I regard it as an excellent Summer Drink.—W. Simpson, Falls Township, Middleburg, Union Co., Pa.

If your druggist does not keep it, or you happen to live where none is sold, you can have a package forwarded to you by sending 25 cents to Aschenbach & Miller, proprietors, 50 S. Callowhill Sts., Philadelphia, Pa. [6-23-'80-3y.

I have used your Cattle Powder on my cow and chickens. The cow gave more milk the day before the powder was given than ever before. My chickens are doing splendid since using it.—Mrs. Wm. Green. I feel sure that your powder will cure my cow and chickens.—Jesse Pancoe, Dolan, N. C.

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Address, for a pamphlet, P. A. SCHLLER, 430 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA, Pa. [7-9-'80-1y.]

DENTAL NOTICE.—DR. M. R. B. CREERY, Surgeon Dentist, Ebensburg, Pa., respectfully informs all persons interested that he will visit Loretto professionally on the first Monday of each month. Chest Springs on the day following.—Tuesday: Carrolltown on the second Monday of each month, and Wilmore on the fourth Monday of each month.

☞ All persons needing dental work will do well to give me a call, as I am prepared to furnish full or partial sets of teeth and perform all other operations pertaining to dentistry in a satisfactory manner and at the lowest possible prices.

[5-21,'80.-tf.] M. R. B. CREERY, D. D. S.

Van Dyke's Sulphur Soap.

THE MARVEL OF THE AGE.

For the cure of skin diseases of all descriptions it is without a rival. Having long been in the market and thoroughly tested by the medical profession and the public, it is needless to enter into details about its virtues. Price, 25 cents a cake, or three cakes for 60 cents. For sale by druggists and country storekeepers. ANDREAE & MILLER, Proprietors, Third and Callowhill Streets, Philadelphia, Pa. [7-9,'80.-1y.]

Persian INSECT POWDER

(Aschenbach & Miller's.)

Roaches, ants, bugs, moths, garden worms, etc., fall victims to its deadly effects immediately upon coming in contact with it. It is truly the genuine Persian, the flowers being thoroughly dried, then ground and prepared at our laboratory under our own supervision, so that we can guarantee its absolute freedom from adulteration. Druggists and country storekeepers sell it. Wholesale depot, No. 50 S. Corner 2d and Callowhill Sts., Philadelphia. July 2, 1880.-1y.

Dr. JONES' TARAXCANUM TONIC

or DYSPEPSIA MIXTURE, a vegetable compound whose virtues has stood the test of 40 years, is unfailible in the cure of Dyspepsia, Ocean of Debility, Chronic Weakness of Longs, Spleen and Kidne